

THE LIVING AGE.

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| From Beginning
Vol. COXXXVIII.

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FROM BEGINNING
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IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.

I

Fate has dealt tenderly with the Prime Minister. Misled, apparently, by the agrestic eminence of Mr. Chaplin, he framed his reply to the deputation introduced by that gentleman on the 15th of May as if it were only rural constituencies and their representatives that are concerned in and disturbed by the proposal to repeal the shilling registration duty on corn. It is understood that Mr. Balfour does not derive his knowledge of what goes on in the country through the medium of the daily Press; still, it was to be expected that other channels might have conveyed to him the information that a good deal of the work of Unionist members for large industrial centres during the recess had consisted in explaining to their constituents the principles on which that tax had been reimposed, as enunciated by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Anyhow, it would require a very slight effort of his imagination to realize what it must cost his supporters in Parliament to vote black in 1903 what they voted white in 1902. It suggests curious speculation about the amount of forethought bestowed upon matters of high policy that, down to the very eve of the introduction of the Budget, gentlemen who, having undertaken to address meetings in the country at

the instance of the Conservative central office, applied to that office for guidance in the selection of subjects, actually were supplied with leaflets expounding the excellence and success of the registration duty upon corn.

Agriculturists, indeed, and those most closely in touch with their opinions and best acquainted with their peculiar difficulties, read Mr. Balfour's speech with sheer amazement. They were surprised by the persistence with which he imputed protectionist motives to the deputation, and the emphasis with which the corn tax was earmarked by him as a war tax, which could never become "a permanent part of our fiscal system." So much for the main argument by which it was re-established by Mr. Balfour's Cabinet last year—that it was in no sense a war tax, but a means of permanently widening the basis of taxation. But what amazed agriculturists most of all was the attempt to convince them that the corn tax was a burden upon their industry. Now, whatever be their intellectual defects, farmers are usually credited with a shrewd knowledge of the place where their shoe pinches. It was reserved for Mr. Balfour to lay a paternal finger upon a sore which had wholly evaded the acumen of chambers of agriculture. It was certainly putting the matter in an unfamiliar light to assure practical men that by

the remission of the corn tax "a great burden on the raw material used by farmers" would be removed.

The disagreeable impression created by this speech was not confined to those who heard it, or to agriculturists in general. It extended to very large numbers of people, unconnected with the cultivation of the soil, who entertain a profound distrust of a policy of Wobble; and what gentler term will serve to connote the repeal this year of a measure advanced last year upon such explicit and statesmanlike grounds? Nobody can suspect Mr. Balfour of insincerity. There have been Ministers in the past able to convince themselves, or, at all events, to assume the air of conviction, of the necessity for a sudden abandonment of a course of policy previously followed. Not so the present Premier. In this instance the discouraging impression was left upon the deputation, and upon thousands of intelligent persons throughout the realm, that Mr. Balfour neither had convinced himself, nor was able to put on an air of conviction. His speech was not that of one who had something to say, but of one who could not avoid the necessity of saying something, acting under the loyal obligation of defending a colleague.

What chiefly galls the withers of friends of the present Administration is the obvious connection between the loss of a by-election or two and the abandonment of the "broadened basis of taxation." It inclines one to despair to perceive that political meteorology of this fallacious kind has not fallen into the universal discredit which it has earned. The new impost is "liable to misrepresentation"; wherefore, at the bidding of myopic wire-pullers, it must be hastily withdrawn. If the thing was right to be done, why not stand the consequences of having done it? Or must policy—Imperial policy—for ever be nothing loftier or

further-sighted than electioneering craft?

Fate has kindly thrown a partial veil over this misadventure. A few hours after the downcast deputation to the Prime Minister had dispersed, one of his colleagues sounded an appeal in a very different spirit, which dispelled, in great measure, the despondency and perplexity thrown by the other upon the party. I do not find it possible to recall, from an experience of parliamentary life extending to nearly a quarter of a century, any parallel to the restorative effect of Mr. Chamberlain's speech to his constituents on the 15th of May. Mr. Gladstone's sudden adoption of Irish Home Rule caused a greater immediate stir, and, for aught I know, may have brought balm to many a disconsolate Liberal heart; but it did not come in the nick of time, as this has done, to save a great party from going to pieces. Those who are aware of certain tendencies among the Unionist rank and file will not be inclined to pronounce this an exaggerated statement. Caves may be discounted: they are most alien from the instincts and traditions of the party at present in power; but there arrives a time when the most loyal supporter of a Ministry wearies of trotting round lobbies in support of measures which awaken no enthusiasm in his bosom, and in compliance with a policy which, without disrespect, may be described as nebulous in some of its features. He is inclined to ask himself whether the sacrifice of his time and the withdrawal of his energy from other objects really serve any useful purpose.

To such questioning the answer has come from a Birmingham platform. There is still work to be done—definite, urgent, fruitful.

There have been times lately in Parliament suggesting the similitude of one who has set sail in a centre-board boat and forgotten to let down the

centre-board. His progress is a combination of drift and dangerous wobble. We opened our *Times* on the morning of the 16th of May to find that a strong hand had let down the centre-board, enabling the craft to stand stiffly to the breeze, and rendering it possible, nay imperative, to steer a course.

Do not let me be misunderstood. It is not that we recognize in Mr. Chamberlain's bold announcement of a new purpose in fiscal policy the unfurling of the protectionist flag. For better, for worse, all practical men have long since joined in celebrating, more or less mournfully, the obsequies of protection for British industries. I disclaim absolutely all sympathy with projects for raising by means of import duties the price of commodities in the catalogue of primary or secondary necessities. Nor shall I here question the expediency of continuing to admit duty free manufactured goods in the category of luxuries to the detriment of the home producer. So far as Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is explained in his speech, such questions lie entirely outside its scope. Nevertheless, in that speech frank recognition seems to have been given to one of the cardinal doctrines of fair trade, namely, the inadequacy of sentiment alone to provide a trustworthy cement to hold together the component parts of a great empire. Sentiment is the fertile source of magnificent results, but it is subject from its very nature to sudden fluctuation and periods of revulsion. The sentiment of British colonists in America during the first half of the eighteenth century ran warmly towards the Crown and the Mother Country; but it turned suddenly to bitter animosity so soon as the policy of King George's Cabinet interfered with colonial interests; and for two years before the outbreak of the rebellion, British officers and soldiers endured intolerable insults and injus-

tice from the people whom they were there to protect. On the other hand, paternal sentiment did not avail during the latter half of the nineteenth century to save successive Cabinets, as well Conservative as Liberal, from subsiding into less than lukewarmness in their regard for our colonial Empire. Sentiment, in truth, is one of the most powerful agents in human intercourse, but it is also one of the most inconstant. What would be thought of any business man who relied upon sentiment alone in the transaction of affairs?

Accepting in its entirety Cobden's doctrine that free trade is the best form of international commerce, we were called upon to yield, and have acted as though we did yield, undoubting faith to his assurance that Great Britain, sixty years ago the leading commercial nation in the world, had only to set the example, and every other civilized community would follow it. Time has proved Cobden to be utterly and hopelessly mistaken in that forecast, yet, shutting our eyes wilfully to plain facts, we have proceeded as if his programme was fulfilling itself in every detail, until we have divested ourselves of all means to strengthen the bond of sentiment with Britons oversea by the supplementary bond of material interest. We are not only powerless in present circumstances to offer Colonial Governments any substantial inducement to remain within the Empire, but we are reduced to the humiliating confession that we cannot reciprocate the handsome recognition which some of the Colonies have made voluntarily of their obligations to the Mother Country. Canada has led the way by according to British dutiable goods a preference of 33 1-3 per cent. At the conference of colonial Premiers last year, the representatives of Australia and New Zealand agreed to recommend to their

Imperial Reciprocity.

Legislatures a preferential reduction of 25 per cent. in the duty on British imports. Most striking of all, at the recent great conference of the South African Colonies, comprising both Britons and Boers, a similar resolution was agreed to.

These are overtures which, were it a mere matter of international courtesy, it is plainly impossible for us to ignore; but seeing that they are momentous acts of Imperial polity, action upon them is imperative. Are we simply to accept the boon and make no effort to reciprocate it? Is that consistent with national dignity? And what will be the reflex effect of such a course upon the bond of sentiment? Apologists for such a system of Peter's pence will justify it by explaining it as a set-off against the share of Imperial defence bestowed by the Mother Country upon the Colonies. Better keep the two accounts separate. It was confusion about this reckoning that brought about our North American troubles. It would be constantly and naturally present to the mind of the colonial producer that, while his own Government had given preferential terms to his most formidable competitor, the British producer, no corresponding advantage was afforded him in British markets. A searching strain, this, upon sentiment. A writer in the *Economist* for the 23rd of May argues that the Colonial producer should feel amply repaid for any preference accorded to British commodities in the privilege given to him by the Mother Country of a duty-free market. But how can that be described as a privilege which is extended to every country in the world, in accordance with a policy adopted avowedly in our own interest?

It is instructive to note the first impression produced upon our rivals in the commerce of the world by Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and to gather

therefrom the estimate formed by minds not emasculated by free-trade dogma of the effect of reconstructing our fiscal system on Imperial lines. It is natural that the foreign public in general, and the German public in particular, should not be anxious to see any course taken which should increase the power and prosperity of the British Empire. It is easy, therefore, to read between the lines of the very general chorus of disapproval in the European Press an indication of conviction of the far-reaching nature of Mr. Chamberlain's plan for consolidating King Edward's dominions.

It would be premature to speculate upon the ultimate method and details of this great project. Such extracts from the Australian Press as have reached this country seem to indicate that quarter of the Empire as the one where it has received the least cordial welcome. It is argued that the protective duties whereon the Australian revenues depend are levied chiefly upon British goods, which form by far the greater portion of the total imports; and it seems to have been assumed out there, from the telegraphic summary of the Birmingham speech, that the scheme adumbrated therein includes the imposition upon all the countries forming the Empire of a hard and fast Zollverein, over-ruling and interfering with the fiscal regulations of Colonial Legislatures. No such project would deserve an hour's discussion. Our Colonies are autonomous and self-governing. Their fiscal policy is and must remain entirely within their own control, to be regulated according to their peculiar requirements and conditions. Inter-Imperial reciprocity can never be forced upon any self-governing Colony; but the advantages of reciprocal trading must no longer be withheld from any British community that is ready for and desires it. But before it can be estab-

lished, and before we can offer preferential advantage to our own people over-sea, we must resume the power which we voluntarily surrendered, and re-impose upon the foreigner the same relative disadvantage which he has never ceased to impose upon us. Many men will hesitate to alter those one-sided terms which, being greatly to the advantage of certain foreign States, have doubtless tended to keep them on good terms with us. Well, we have a big concern to run, and we must choose men to run it whose nerves are equal to incurring some risks. If a tariff on foreign imports could be justly interpreted as an unfriendly act, what civilized country in the world is not treating us at this moment—has not always treated us—with the utmost unfriendliness?

Will this involve us in a war of tariffs? By no means. The foreigner, it is true, may raise his tariffs against our products, and thereby, according to orthodox Cobdenite doctrine, be inflicting immense injury upon himself. But there will be no tariff war unless we retaliate, which is unlikely. We simply shall exact from the foreigner, who at present pays nothing in taxes and rates to the upkeep of the Empire, a contribution in exchange for admission to our markets, and these we shall keep freely open to British subjects, whether home or colonial, who supply the sinews of Imperial rule.

For more than fifty years we have sought by example and negotiation to convince the world of the doctrine of free markets: we have not a single convert to show for all our pains. Are we to go on crying in the wilderness or shall we proceed to put our arguments to proof by demonstrating the virtues of reciprocity? No demand ever made by theologians upon the credulity of their disciples—by ecclesiastics upon the passive obedience of their flocks—ever exceeded in extravagant disre-

gard of human nature the doctrine of ultra free-traders, that it is vicious to show preference to men of your own race and land. During the fourth and fifth centuries the chief, the only sure means of eternal salvation, was deemed to consist in destroying and trampling upon the natural affections.

The first consequence of the prominence of asceticism was a profound discredit thrown upon the domestic virtues. The extent to which this discredit was carried, the intense hardness of heart and ingratitude manifested by the saints towards those who were bound to them by the closest of earthly ties, is known to few who have not studied the original literature on the subject. These things are commonly thrown into the shade by sentimentalists who delight in idealizing the devotees of the past. To break by his ingratitude the heart of the mother who had borne him, to persuade the wife who adored him that it was her duty to separate from him for ever, to abandon his children, uncared for and beggars, to the mercies of the world, was regarded by the true hermit as the most acceptable offering he could make to his God.¹

It is shocking to modern intelligence to contemplate the extent and nature of the suffering caused by the eremite craze, which drove tens of thousands of men to desolate their hearths in obedience to the gospel as it was then interpreted. Patriotism, the solicitude of every good subject for the welfare of the nation to which he belonged, was extinguished in the private anxiety of the individual to escape the wrath to come. Tertullian boasts of the utter indifference of the good Christian to the affairs of the nation: "Nec ulla res aliena magis quam publica." Something of similar fanaticism overcame the patriotic instinct in the height of the free trade movement. No terms could be found too scathing for those who ventured to demur to the exclu-

¹ Lecky's "European Morals," II. 133.

Imperial Reciprocity.

sive pursuit of cheapness and to perceive something defective in statesmanship that excluded all account of kin.

Just as, in course of time, the humiliating cloud of asceticism was rolled away from Christendom, so, it seems, is a way of escape now opened from the blighting influence of *doctrinaire* enthusiasts. There is one ready and able to take the lead of that body of opinion which has long been acquiring force in this country—the opinion of men who repudiate as not only unnatural but dangerous the doctrine which forbids the recognition of people of our own blood—citizens of the same Empire—as entitled to consideration prior to aliens. They do greatly err who suppose that this opinion is confined to persons of leisure and independent means, thereby paying a very poor compliment to the intelligence of the operative classes, for whose good will and support they are so intensely solicitous. It is true that for many years the advantage of unconditional free trade has been exclusively put before working men by public speakers, and no attempt has been made to explain why the working man is at least as well off in the protectionist United States as he is in England. The reception which Mr. Chamberlain's speech met with in Birmingham, the very Mecca of Labor, is an indication that operatives have heads and hearts, as well as hands. But there were not wanting symptoms of reflection on the part of industrial communities long before Mr. Chamberlain sounded the tocsin. In June of last year the employers and workmen composing the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the Iron and Steel Wire Trade unanimously passed the following resolutions:

(1) That this meeting of the wire trade, consisting of both masters and men, is of opinion that the time has

arrived when consideration should be given to the question of adopting some system of duties within the Empire which will give preference to Imperial manufactures.

(2) That a copy of this resolution, together with the following memorial, signed by both masters and men, be sent to the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the President of the Board of Trade.

As was remarked by the president of the association, Mr. W. Peter Rylands (a name not without significant memories in Radical circles), "Unanimity among all the manufacturers in one trade upon a subject of this kind must carry weight, but when it is coupled with the unanimous support of the workmen whom they employ, its importance must be substantially increased."

Launched with the authority of one whom men of all parties acknowledge, whether openly or secretly, to be the greatest Colonial Minister in English history, this mighty project must occupy the chief place in political controversy till it is disposed of. Final judgment thereon may be deferred, action thereon must be postponed, till the country has had its constitutional opportunity of declaring its will. But the question can neither be shirked nor shelved. It is one upon which the old frontiers of party are likely to undergo considerable change; not, it is probable, as the result of mighty seismic spasms, but by the natural tendency of men to take sides upon a clear and definite issue. As matters stand, people are at their wits' end to preserve, or even to discern, the ancient lines dividing Liberals from Conservatives. Except on the questions of Home Rule and Church establishment, the difference between the two parties has resolved itself mainly into a mutual pose, nourished on tradition, and modified more or less by confidence in individual leaders. It is said that the Home Rule

bogey is to be laid to rest by Mr. Wyndham's Bill, and that Irish disaffection is to be bought up with the agrarian difficulty. However halting may be our faith in the realization of this vision, it is certain that Home Rule no longer affords a clear ground of difference between parties. As for the Church, the present complexion of the constituencies cannot show disestablishment as a promising rallying cry for the Opposition.

The gauntlet has now been thrown down upon a fresh issue. Public men are naturally shy about declaring themselves upon a programme not yet authorized. Lord Rosebery, moved by his lofty conception of Imperial responsibility and possibility, responded earliest in a glow of instinctive sympathy. Free trade, he declared, was "no part of the Sermon on the Mount," and he had never believed that "we ought to receive it in all its rigidity as part of a divinely appointed dispensation." For this indiscretion he has been sharply brought to heel by Mr. Asquith, who says nothing, indeed, about "a divinely appointed dispensation," but re-affirms the dogma that free trade is "the only fiscal policy," and announces that advocates of the new fiscal Imperialism will "find arrayed against them the resolute and undivided hostility of the Liberal party." Lord Rosebery has obeyed the crack of the whip with pathetic docility. He "cannot conceal his surprise" at the interpretation put upon his speech at Burnley, "nor can he conjecture what sentence in his speech can have afforded any base" for the inference that he viewed the new scheme with any favor. Not for the first time has he disappointed the expectation of those who fancied that, having passed from the larval activity of a Home Rule Minister into the meditative and detached stage of chrysalis, he would one day stand forth the perfect imago—a

statesman who should raise Imperial statecraft above the fog wreaths and baffling eddies of party.

While, therefore, there is not the slightest prospect of any concurrence between the great parties of the State in undertaking this practical scheme for consolidating the Empire, and as little probability of unanimity within the ranks of either side, a new and invigorating spirit has been brought into politics. Members of Parliament and candidates for seats, whatever line they take upon this question, should all feel grateful to him who has transformed political life from a mere tournament of tactics into the battle-ground of principle and purpose.

Herbert Maxwell.

II

I am not one of those who can flatter themselves that our existing fiscal system is necessarily permanent. New conditions of things have arisen since the old free-trade policy was fought out; and I can imagine contingencies under which, not so much by way of protection as by way of retaliation, it might conceivably be necessary for this country to say that it will not remain a passive target for the assaults of other countries living under very different fiscal systems. . . . I can conceive some great fiscal change being forced upon us. . . . It would be war-fiscal war. . . . But material war is sometimes necessary; and it may be, but I hope it will not be, that fiscal war may prove in the history of this country, some day or other, to be necessary also. . . . The other method of a fiscal union (with the colonies) is difficult; but if it were possible I should look forward to it with unfeigned pleasure. If that were done, a trifling duty upon food imports might be part of the general system.—*Mr. Balfour to the Corn-tax Deputation, the 15th of May 1903.*

I have considerable doubt whether the interpretation of Free Trade which is current among a certain limited sec-

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tion is the true interpretation. But I am perfectly certain I am not a protectionist. . . . I cannot believe that they (Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright) would have hesitated to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with our own children. . . . We should insist that we will not be bound by any purely technical definition of free trade; that, while we seek as our chief object free interchange of trade and commerce between ourselves and all the nations of the world, we will nevertheless recover our freedom, resume that power of negotiation, and, if necessary, retaliation, whenever our own interests or our relations between our own colonies and ourselves are threatened by other people.—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, the 15th of May 1903.*

The speeches from which the above extracts were taken, delivered in the same day, have focussed public interest; they have diverted public attention from matters purely local, have caught the eye of the commercial and political world, and, broadening the prospect, have given a new significance to the future. The effect of the two speeches was different, largely owing to the circumstances in which they were delivered. The speech of Mr. Balfour was a reply to a protest and an appeal; the speech of Mr. Chamberlain came out of the blue—out of the unclouded sky of a great achievement and the unchallenged *éclat* of a famous embassy. The Prime Minister responded to a challenge—almost an attack; the Colonial Secretary was the herald of a new message, at least a message delivered in new terms and under new conditions. The one appealed to the logic of the moment, the judgment of expediency; the other summoned sentiment and imagination to the consideration of a problem which had acquired vivid significance through recent experience, while at the same time it was a plant of no sudden growth or startling origin. We have seen Mr. Chamberlain's idea in other forms—as a Zollverein;

as a scheme for free trade between all parts of the Empire, with a tariff for revenue against foreign nations. But, like all ideas worth while and subject to national development, it has become simpler in form and clearer in issue with advancing years. What does the idea mean? Briefly, it means reciprocity between the British nations, and sufficient retaliation against our foreign rivals to make that reciprocity possible and profitable. It is a bold and fair issue, and it is one on which a great political fight is possible; it is sufficient to dwarf every other question. If it becomes an election issue, it will draw to itself the public eye and the national and Imperial interest to the exclusion of all else. The fact is obvious. The tariff question invades every home, sits on every office doorstep, commands the anxious solicitude of every counting-house, and quickly gets a grip of the working classes. And a tariff question which can be reduced to a general proposition of, "Stand by your own and make the outsider pay" is easily grasped in principle. As an election cry it is reducible to a phrase. "Reciprocity means give and take within the British circle, and retaliation means the foreigner paying toll at the Gate of Customs." Crude though the similes be, they are easy to understand.

That is the A B C of the position for the British elector so far as the principle of Imperial reciprocity is concerned. The detail is a matter of grave concern, and difficult beyond calculation to arrange. Nor could the details of a scheme be arranged or proposed until the colonies had made reply as to their attitude on the question of principle. It is freely said: "Oh, it's the very thing the colonies want; they will seize the opportunity fast enough; they have everything to gain by it." But is it, and will they, and have they? It is not so easy to say. What are

the prospects of a favorable response? What Mr. Chamberlain proposes is not a preferential tariff on the part of this country, but reciprocal consideration—reciprocity. Now, take Canada first. Reciprocity is a thing which every Canadian understands. He has been bred and fed on the idea. Since he lost reciprocity—in the Fifties—with the United States it has been as a creed to him to recover it. He has at last given up hope of getting a reciprocity treaty with his southern neighbor, but necessity has been a good teacher, and he grasps the principle thoroughly—the poorest farmer's son understands it, it appeals definitely to the mind of the most remote lumberman: he understands it as he has never understood Imperial defence or even preferential treatment. The Imperial idea is an hereditary duty to him, a loving duty for which he would die voluntarily on due occasion; reciprocity is a policy by which he would live and for which he would strive always. When the Imperial idea is united to reciprocal relations or reciprocity, he sees an everyday basis for his sentiment and a chance to better his condition within the circle of his patriotism. Properly led, clearly instructed, patriotically inspired, he may be trusted to respond generously to an Imperial policy. So far as trade and tariff is concerned, he is amply educated for it.

The Australian is not in quite the same position. Until very lately his land was a series of provinces with varying fiscal systems and with sharp tariff antagonisms—as between New South Wales, which was committed to free trade, and Victoria, which was a strenuous upholder of protection. The tariff policy of the Australian Confederation is a compromise; it has many of the features of the Canadian tariff system. Both countries, as well as South Africa, have found it necessary to resort to a wide application of the

principle of tariff for purposes of revenue, as it is impossible in such vast and thinly-populated areas, where the cost of collection of revenue is so great, to rely upon direct taxation. Expediency, not principle, in the matter of tariff has prevailed. Mr. Chamberlain's proposals will be viewed from that standpoint; and behind the consideration of the subject will be a sentiment at once consanguineous and practical. The over-sea Briton will find many advantages in this proposal for reciprocity. His produce will go to the country that provides the best and cheapest means of transport and handling, it will follow the trade routes protected by the Imperial Navy which the colonist is coming to view as his own, within the boundaries of security and insurance; it will come to a stable market, behind which is the highest and soundest national credit, to be made sounder by his increasing trade; it will come to a centre whose markets will be less disturbed than any other save that of the United States in the case of a European war; it will travel along the lines of least resistance. These things he will realize, and if he can enter this market at an advantage, if his trade with the Orient be not hampered by difficulties with Germany, he will hold both hands up for preferential treatment—one consideration excluded. The one consideration to give him pause is, What is the cost to him? If he gets preference here, how much must he pay there?

One thing is sure, if England alters her fiscal policy she will not do it as a gift alone, but as a means to a great end—the benefit and profit of the whole Empire, and without sacrifice to any part, where each bears his own heavy burden of development and administration, and Britain bears the heaviest of all. If the policy is to prevail, Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand must be prepared to

make their preference worth while; it must be a real reciprocity, an actual give and take, with the advantages indicated above to the good, with the prospects of a vastly developed inter-Imperial commerce from which will flow the financial advantages of consolidated trade interests and powerful Imperial credit. At the same time the over-sea Briton is not unconscious of the possible effect of Imperial reciprocity upon other nations. He will realize that the United Kingdom may challenge a fiscal war. The action of Germany concerning Canada has been a good object lesson. He probably also understands that the foreigner will not bite off his nose to spite his face; that if we need him, he also needs us sorely. That the foreigner should expect to have an open market here while at his gate toll must be paid is natural; that he should resent being discriminated against is also natural; but that the nations within this Empire should be considered as a fiscal unit, as one commercial trust, should not seem to him unnatural. He has been forced to realize that in viewing the action of the United States towards its newly acquired territories. As for the United States, no resentment against Mr. Chamberlain's policy will come from that quarter. Her statesmen will approve. They would not approve if the proposals meant danger to British trade or peril to British credit. The preservation of British commerce and credit is vital to American development. It is necessary to the United States that London shall still remain the bourse of the world. Her financial interests are immense, but because of vast speculation, of colossal enterprise, of every penny being used for adventurous as well as conservative development, her financial position is subject to grave fluctuations. She gains now by the stability of British credit and British prosper-

ity, and relies upon it. That is her present attitude. In another generation it may be different. She will probably try to crush then, where now she rivals and incites to greater development, shares more and more in our industrial concerns. It is not probable that the United States will enter on a fiscal war with us; Germany may—but may not, for reasons doing credit to her prudence if not to her fairmindedness.

Since the 15th of May it has been said frequently by public journals that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are at variance in their views and their policy. I cannot accept that statement as accurate. Mr. Balfour foresees the possibility of retaliation and Mr. Chamberlain advocates Imperial reciprocity. There cannot be the one without the other; and Mr. Balfour regards the possibility of a fiscal union "with unfeigned pleasure." There is no *non possumus* on Mr. Balfour's part, there is a bias in favor of fiscal union. But, bias or no bias, there remains the anxious problem what the proposal for Imperial fiscal union means to this country. No one can doubt the gravity of the situation, but none should hesitate to face the issue, and in the largest spirit. What is most to be feared is the crass over-statement or under-appreciation of fanatical protectionists and hidebound followers of Cobden, who himself was not hidebound. Because our interests are so great, our trade so immense, we must not assume that the risk lies altogether with us. We are enormously wealthy; our commercial plant is established, the ramifications of our commercial and industrial energy are in every quarter of the globe, and a mistake in policy—the loss of a few hundred millions—would not ruin us. The loss of fifty millions would practically cripple Canada or Australia. Imperial reciprocity is an attractive idea, it appeals to the senti-

ments of our race; yet we cannot have a fiscal policy based on sentiment alone, and we have to face the chances of the tariff-battle in Europe and the difficulties of adjustment of Imperial Customs.

The fate of this new policy primarily depends upon the reply the Colonies give. To my mind one thing seems convincing. The moment when the corn-tax was taken off was the psychological moment for Mr. Chamberlain's powerful appeal, and I am by no means sure that the removal of the corn-tax was not a carefully arranged preliminary. The small tax was a bone of contention, too small a business to be reckoned as a policy—it was a war tax for revenue. To have kept it on would have confused the issues. But in a general scheme it would be but a detail, and would take its proportionate place in the broad question of national policy. Referring to an Imperial fiscal union, Mr. Balfour said in his speech: "If that were done, a trifling duty upon food imports might be part of the general system." I think my inference from the evidence is reasonable, and the subject must now be of dominating importance to the whole Empire, and a serious problem to be solved by the free traders of this country, of whom I am one. Personally, I think it well that the issue has come now. The colonies have been making overtures, and in one case giving preference for several years, and apathy or irritation, each injurious, might have ensued if there came no final or definite answer from us. The Colonies are better prepared to discuss fiscal matters than we are, as is the case with every protected or semi-protected country. There the incidence of tariff is the first thing that every young politician and the mass of voters learn, and their minds are prepared to grapple with the boldest proposition when presented. We shall not be long in

discovering what the Colonies are prepared to do in the way of reciprocity: we shall be much longer in discovering what the public of this country think or how they intend to act. Meanwhile, the high-tariff advocates here must not translate the suggestion of reciprocity into a campaign in the interests of Protection. The difficulties in the way of reciprocity are great, the obstructions to protection are, I believe, insurmountable.

Gilbert Parker.

III

It is just nineteen years since the sentiment of Imperial Federation was materialized in the constitution of a League, presided over first by the late Mr. W. E. Forster, and afterwards by Lord Rosebery. During these nineteen years Imperial Federation has remained, as it was then—a phrase. But that is not to say that no progress has been made in drawing together the far-scattered members of the Empire, or in cultivating and strengthening the spirit of Imperialism. As a matter of fact, the Empire never was so Imperialistic as it is now. The intensity of feeling displayed, both in the Mother Country and throughout the Colonies, in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's reciprocity speech at Birmingham on the 15th of May last affords remarkable proof of this. One is struck with the circumstance that the fiscal problem with which Sir Rawson Rawson barred the way to Federation in the days of the League, when it was under Lord Rosebery, bids fair to pave an avenue now to something more than mere paper Federation. It is in this that Mr. Chamberlain offers the lead; and in relation to this matter let us avoid what Sir Thomas Browne classified as the fourth cause of common errors, viz. "A supinity or neglect of inquiry, even of matters whereof we

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doubt, rather believing than going to see, or doubting with ease and gratis, than believing with difficulty or purchase. Whereby either from a temperamental inactivity we are unready to put in execution the suggestions or dictates of reason, or by a content and acquiescence in every species of truth we embrace the shadow thereof, or so much as may palliate its good and substantial acquirements."

In his opening address to the Conference of Colonial Premiers last summer, Mr. Chamberlain said:

Our first object is free trade within the Empire. We feel confident—we think that it is a matter which demands no evidence or proof—that if such a result were feasible it would enormously increase our inter-Imperial trade; that it would hasten the development of our Colonies; that it would fill up the spare places in your lands with an active, intelligent, industrious, and, above all, a British population; that it would make the Mother Country entirely independent of foreign food and raw material.

But Mr. Chamberlain also explained that free trade does not necessarily mean the total abolition of Customs duties as between different parts of the Empire. The exigencies of new countries, and especially of the self-governing Colonies, must be recognized, and the revenues of such countries must, for some time at any rate, depend chiefly on indirect taxation. But when Customs duties are balanced by Excise duties, or when they are levied on commodities not produced at home, they are not protective, and are therefore not contrary to the principles of free trade. Thus, then, free trade within the Empire does not mean the abolition of all Customs duties.

While at the time of this writing the attitude of the Colonies towards Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham proposals is not fully known, it is permissible to

recall how Colonial opinions were revealed at the Conference in London a year ago. At that Conference discussion was raised by a motion submitted by the Premier of New Zealand in favor of preferential tariffs. Then the matter was remitted to a private meeting between the Premiers and the President of the Board of Trade. A strong feeling was exhibited by the Premiers in favor of making some definite advance towards establishing closer trade relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies; and finally a resolution was adopted which expressed, *inter alia*—

That this Conference recognizes that the principle of preferential trade between the United Kingdom and his Majesty's dominions beyond the seas would stimulate and facilitate mutual commercial intercourse, and would, by promoting the development of the resources and industries of the several parts, strengthen the Empire.

That this Conference recognizes that, in the present circumstances of the Colonies, it is not practicable to adopt a general system of free trade as between the Mother Country and the British dominions beyond the seas.

That with a view, however, to promoting the increase of trade within the Empire, it is desirable that those Colonies which have not already adopted such a policy should, as far as their circumstances permit, give substantial preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the United Kingdom.

It is reasonable to assume, in the meantime, that this is still expressive of general Colonial opinion; and if that be so, the main question is with regard to preference in the Mother Country. This is just what the people of this country have got to think out, apart from the doctrinaires. The proposition is that Imperial unity and commercial union are inseparable. If Great Britain, as a nation, is determined, along

with her dependencies, to carry out to its grand issues the idea of a comprehensive and cohesive British Empire, she must make up her mind on this question of trade and commerce. The keynote of Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham address is that Imperial unity involves commercial solidarity. That being so, every advance made by the Colonies should be reciprocated. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the political aspects of Imperialism, but to consider briefly the subject of Imperial reciprocity.

The fact, however, is that Imperialists cannot regard this question of preferential trade within the Empire from a purely economic point of view. We are free traders, but, like Lord Rosebery, we do not believe that free trade was part of the Sermon on the Mount. We refuse to worship it as a fetish, or to accept it as anything but a means to an end. The whole fiscal organization of the country is not to be regulated in order to further the reputed principles of alleged free trade: free trade is to be adapted to the national needs and advantages. The idea of reciprocal or preferential trade may be regarded with horror by many sincere free traders, who shrink from it as a form of protection which Richard Cobden and John Bright would have denounced. But we are not concerned with what Richard Cobden and John Bright would have thought and said in their day and generation. It is not necessary for economic sanitation to live for ever in the atmosphere of the Manchester School. If Richard Cobden had lived till today, he would have been inspired by the spirit of the times, not muzzled by the traditions of his youth. And while if he were now to speak all of us would hearken and pay heed, that is a very different thing from listening to those who protest, not what Richard Cobden would think, but what they

think he would think. That which has to be considered is not whether a reciprocal tariff with the Colonies would receive the approval of the founders of the Manchester School, but whether it offers any help towards Imperial unity. What we have to consider from the Imperial point of view is not merely the effect on the fiscal system of the Mother Country, but, as Lord Rosebery puts it, "whether the system of reciprocal tariffs will really bind the Mother Country more closely with her Colonies than is now the case." If we feel sure it will, then the change can be made with equanimity, even with alacrity. And we need not fear foreign reprisals, because the British Empire will then be the largest consumer in the world—too good a customer for any country to quarrel with.

The adverse comments of foreign critics are of less interest to us at the moment than the comments of Colonial statesmen, journalists, and business men. It is not the case that the Colonies would have everything to gain and nothing to lose under an Imperial Zollverein, because, in so far as they are dependent on Customs duties for revenue, they would lose revenue by the measure in which imports from portions of the British Empire increased over imports from duty-paying foreign countries. In 1902, the total of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom was 877,630,000*l.*, or nearly eight millions more than in the previous year. Of that trade the proportion between Great Britain and her dependencies is returned at 224,300,000*l.*; which proportion is just about 26 per cent. In the five years from 1898 to 1902 the increase in our Colonial trade was 18 per cent, and in our foreign trade 13 1-2 per cent. But the increase has not been wholly favorable to the Colonies. For instance, in the matter of imports, the increase from foreign countries between 1898 and 1902 was

50,676,000*l.*, or 13.5 per cent.; and the increase from British possessions was 7,170,000*l.*, or over 7.2 per cent. It has been, however, favorable to the Mother Country, for while our exports to foreign countries in the five years increased by 27,824,000*l.*, or 13.6 per cent., our exports to British possessions increased by 27,400,000*l.*, or 30.4 per cent. These are significant figures. They show, for one thing, why the Colonies welcome the idea of privileged entry into our markets, and they show, for another thing, the increasing importance of the Colonial markets to the Mother Country.

Writing a year ago in the pages of this Review, Sir Robert Giffen said, "Reciprocal or preferential arrangements between the Mother Country and the Colonies are most dangerous, economically and politically. It is a complete misconception that they are of the same nature as a Zollverein, which is a measure of pure free trade, but happens not to be possible for the British Empire as a whole." It is true that a Zollverein, or Imperial British free trade, is not possible just yet, owing to the financial necessity and industrial infancy of many members of the Empire. But, as a matter of fact, Great Britain has not pure free trade herself. She has a tariff list of many pages, including tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, corn (till July), tobacco, liquor, and a number of other articles. And a large proportion of the commodities which feed our Customs revenue come from British dependencies. Now, why would it be economically and politically dangerous to forego such portion of our revenue as is contributed by Colonial and Indian goods?

At present we are fenced round by foreign systems of hostile tariffs, of bounties and subsidies. It is quite true that the tariffs are not directed against us solely, and that in each protectionist country our free-trade system gives us

an advantage over the products of every other country except the particular country imposing the tariff. But it is also true that protection in America and Germany enables those countries from time to time to flood our own markets and to supply our foreign customers with their products in competition with our own. And it is probably true that in the protective countries there is a jealousy of our present methods and a desire to prevent our further commercial expansion. We have had to take action against the foreign bounty system as applied to sugar. We shall probably have to take action soon against the foreign subsidy system as applied to shipping. It is tolerably certain we should not have obtained international consent to discontinue the sugar bounties if it had not been made plain that if they were not abolished we would meet them with countervailing duties. *Per contra*, it is more than probable that if we grant preferential duties on British Imperial goods, we shall have overtures of concessions from other countries in exchange for the same preferences. The effect of that would be a stimulus in the direction of free trade, and one main economic reason why Imperial reciprocity may be justified is that it will fructify in the real absolute commercial union that can only be found under a Zollverein like that of the American Republic or the German Empire.

The political reason for supporting preferential or reciprocal trade within the Empire is that it will bring about a political unity which, whether we call it Imperial Federation or not, all the members of the Empire seem at present to desire, and even to expect. If such a unity is both possible and desirable, then it is certainly worth paying something for. The Colonies cannot be drawn into one fold without some sacrifice being made by the

Mother Country. And she can afford the sacrifice, especially if the sacrifice be only that of the fetish of a figment of what men call free trade, without fully considering what free trade means. Surely not even the ghost of Richard Cobden in the solemn if sacred precincts of the Cobden Club would deny the advantage of sacrificing something in order to advance free trade within the Empire. Do not let us forget that free trade followed the Scottish Union, the Irish Union, the American Union, and the German Union. It cannot fail to follow the Union of Greater Britain, which will be promoted by preferential trade. In effect, a preferential trade agreement is a commercial treaty, and commercial treaties were inaugurated (or at all events supported) by the apostle of free trade. A preferential treatment of the products of the British Empire would neither necessitate nor justify the imposition of excessive duties upon foreign products, whether of raw material for the body or for the factory. Canada, for example, has reduced the imposts upon British goods by one-third of her tariff rates without raising the duties upon other goods. It is extremely probable that foreign countries would object to, and perhaps be decidedly angry at, preference being accorded to British Imperial goods over theirs. Germany has given an indication of this in her attitude towards Canada. But as foreign countries do not consult our wishes and convenience in framing their tariffs, we need not consider them in arranging a British Imperial tariff. The British Empire is as free to adjust its own fiscal relations as is the German Empire or any other congeries of States.

The Colonies are, as we assume, all, if not clamoring at least eager for preferential treatment in our markets. It is true that they are not as eager as they might be to share the financial

burden of Imperialism; but the idea of partnership is novel to them, and what the ties of blood are worth we have seen in Africa. If they make a formal proposition to us for the institution of an Imperial tariff, can we offer any sound objection to it? There is the free-trade theory, of course, but the prosperity and security of the Empire are superior even to free trade, which is not a doctrine but a policy. If the safety of the Empire demanded that we should abandon free trade, we should have to abandon it. But there is no such demand, and the reciprocal arrangement to which Mr. Chamberlain points is not only not adverse to, but is actually conducive to, free trade. A concession of preferential treatment to the Colonies would be a small price to pay for whole-hearted Colonial co-operation in Imperial defence. And who knows how soon all the resources of the Empire will be taxed to safeguard even a corner of it? One cannot, with the striking examples around us in both hemispheres, adhere to the old free-trade belief that economic prosperity is impossible under protection. And, at the same time, one cannot perceive any possible advantage in protection for this country. But may one not admit the possible advantage of a moderate amount of protection for some of the Colonies? May not, indeed, a moderate amount of protection for some of the Colonies be necessary to the preservation of our national food-supply in time of war? A small duty on foreign wheat, for instance, may make all the difference between marketing the crops of Canada as compared with the superior facilities of the United States, and yet have no appreciable bearing on the cost of food. It is no profanation of the economic gospel to suggest this, but plain reason which demands that economic policy ought to be adapted to circumstance. We have wheat lands and

cattle lands in Canada, in Australasia, and in India enough to keep us supplied with food for all time, and to make us independent of foreign restiveness. It is not economic heresy but common-sense to make the most of them.

This is one reason why it is a pity Mr. Ritchie should have decided to repeal the corn-duty this year. It was not a protective duty, nor was it intended to privilege any interests. But it was a possible cover for preferential treatment of the Colonies. A remission of the duty in favor of Canadian wheat was not in the mind of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when he imposed the tax last year. But it was an idea in the minds of Canadian statesmen, who are now disappointed that their dream is broken. Of course neither Sir Michael Hicks-Beach nor Mr. Ritchie is to blame for Canada entertaining hopes and expectations that were not intended to be roused or encouraged; but once again we are reminded that policy should adapt itself to circumstance. Canada has been the first of the Imperial children to differentiate in favor of the goods of the Mother Country. Canada has been foremost among the Imperial children

in showing what she is willing to do for the honor and prestige of the Empire. Canada has just shown to Germany how determined she is to assert her fiscal independence and her adhesion to Imperial preference. To have abrogated the small duty on corn from Canada and India and Australia, while retaining it on corn from other countries, would not have interfered much with Mr. Ritchie's balance-sheet, but would have sent a wave of Imperialism through the Colonies. It would not have affected the price of American wheat any more than a rise or fall in freights affects it, but it would have stimulated the production in, and tightened the bonds with, the Dominion. We have said that free trade is a means to an end. So might the corn-duty have been—and the end Imperial unity. There is this further to be said in reply to those who would limit the obligations of Imperialism—that if the Mother Country is compelled, as she is even in existing circumstances, to defend any one of her Colonies from attack or aggression, she is certainly at liberty to offer to them any advantage she pleases or to accept any that they offer.

Benjamin Taylor.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE MUDALIYAR'S CASE.

Little Batesia sat on her mat under the Pandall making wreaths. She tweaked and tied and twisted the flowers into thick chains, and the rejected stalks lay scattered all over the ground. A pair of friendly green parakeets watched the work from a rod beneath the thatch, and some squirrels in unnecessary fur coats took short cuts quite close to the pretty child.

Suddenly a breath of wind ruffled the tamarind leaves and rustled the

palms. The heat of the day was over. Batesia tucked in her last bit of jessamine and jumped up with a happy little scream. The parakeets cried out Chique-chique! and a squirrel scampering away looked back at her over its tail. Then she gathered up her garlands and darted into the house.

"Little mother! little mother!" she called, "hast thou forgotten our Tomasha?"

"What is this talk of Tomashas?" an-

swered her mother from the semi-darkness of an inner room; "canst thou talk of Tomashas, light of my life, when thy father is even now at court with that vile woman, the Malabar witch-woman, for his enemy? Who can tell how the law will go? Perhaps this evil one will cast spells on thy father, Ai! Ai! Ai! or on the Vakeel, nay, even on the assistant Doré!"

Batesia stood by the charpoy on which her mother was lying. "Thou art the foolish one to talk this way! These flowers are for the neck of my father, who wins his case. He is a good man. The Penalcode is just. The English Doré does not mind this witch-woman one little bit of rice! Therefore, O my mother, we will have Tomasha!"

"Thou mayst be right, my princess; little ones sometimes have reason," agreed the poor woman, and she sat up and began clubbing her hair into a great lump upon one side of her head. Her eyes were blood-shot, but she smiled. "Behold!" she said, "thy mother hath not forgotten to prepare for the feast." Batesia clapped her hands, then stroked her mother's face lovingly.

"Ah, bah! I am but wax in thy little hands," Rungamma cried, feeling all the better for her child's sweet assurance, and she got up and arranged her cloth, whilst Batesia opened a gaily painted box and took out her two greatest treasures. "Equeen" was a flaxen-haired doll with blankly blue eyes, her gown was red satin, and the clumsy little crown upon her head was made of real gold. "Eprinchie" was a sailor boy of a different composition; his subtle glass eyes had strange lights in them. Batesia clasped the two dolls lovingly in her arms and skipped off into the garden; her mother followed with the garlands and chatties.

Cinna Swami, the gardener, came running towards them. "Ohé, Ohé,

Rungamma," he called, and Rungamma stretched out her slender arms in alarm as if to keep off evil news.

Cinna Swami was an under-dressed man; however, his dark skin seemed to cover all deficiencies. At this moment he was trying to hide his white-toothed smile with an earthy hand.

"What is thy news?" cried Rungamma shrilly, for her heart was beating loud.

"The case is finished, the Tabook Peon has told me over the wall; the Shiristadar also says the same."

Batesia ran to her mother, "My father has won!" she said, in a clear jubilant tone.

"The Mudaliyar has won!" Cinna Swami asserted triumphantly; then, with a tongue rolling at the back of his throat he told them how Cheeru, the vile woman, had been fined, "ah, bah! plenty rupees! and how with her craft she had threatened to turn the Mudaliyar into a mud lizard, and how the young collector Doré had begun to look like a bat, when, luckily, the Vakeel snapped his fingers in her face and so turned the spell."

This and much else did Cinna Swami impart. Rungamma swayed to and fro in terror as she heard these tales, but Batesia picked up her garland; she was only just in time, for there, coming through the door in the wall, was the Mudaliyar. The child flew down the path to meet him. He caught her with two hands round the little bare waist and lifted her into the air. In this way she dropped her wreath over his head. Rungamma hurried up, looking wistfully, at her husband.

"I am thy man," he said guessing her fears; "the Malabar witch hath not changed one hair. Bah! she is a foolish woman and hath lost rupees"; then he laughed.

"Thou art brave!" Rungamma exclaimed, with admiration at his indifference.

"Shoo," he replied, feeling a hero, "I only did my duty. This is what the collector Doré says; this is his word. Hey! Soomasoondrum, if more men like you would only *tackel* these witch-women, the law would soon cure them. This is better than tooth-breaking or beating with castor-oil rods. And I say all that is true, your honor, only these poor devils fear the evil eye, so they make bunder-bust."

An interested group listened to Soomasoondrum's wise remarks, for the servants had quickly gathered to welcome him. Batesia patted his turban and whispered, "O, brave father! give these a sheep to rejoice with!" Her word was law. "Ho! Cinna Swami," he cried, "the flower of the garden decrees that a sheep must be eaten tonight." Cinna Swami's white teeth seemed more extensive than ever.

The Mudaliyar turned to his wife, "And thou, mother of my little one, shalt have a new jewel," he said. She was still looking at him with awe.

"And what for thy daughter?" asked the little one gaily.

"All that she desires," her father replied, for he certainly was also like wax in her hands.

"Then shalt thou come to my Tomasha," Batesia cried, remembering her dolls left in solitary state.

"That may I not do," Soomasoondrum said, remorsefully, "for even now does Raman wait to receive the news from me. It is important. I must give order."

"True," said Rungamma, "he is thy tenant whom thou hast protected."

"Then I go also," Batesia decided, "in the bullock bandi with thee; and the little mother will care for Equeen and Eprinchie."

Soomasoondrum was good-looking. He had a benevolent smile and a shrewd glance. His prosperous waist showed clearly to the Indian eye that he had wealth and position, for in the

East stoutness ennobles. As he sat in the coach opposite his little treasure there could be no happier man. Everything had come to him, and without long waiting, for he was still in the prime of life; richer than even people guessed, and father of a young son who had already begun to gather in rupees. To crown all, he was father of this loveliest girl-child.

Little Batesia was sitting with tucked-up feet on the cushion, radiant with happiness, singing softly to herself. It was a quaint Tamil song—

If the bird hath no feathers, how shall it fly?

The Mudaliyar listened, and then said: "Thou must learn English songs, my tender one, for thou art a Christian and thy godmother is an English lady."

"I have learnt," she replied, nodding her head gravely. "Shall I sing about the *little male*?"

Her father beamed assent, and she piped:

Where are loo zoing to my pretty male,
Where are loo zoing to?
I'm zoing amilitin, sir, she say.
My ishbusiness for tolloo, tolloo,
My ishbusiness for tolloo.

Say willoo marry me my pretty male,
Say willoo marry me?
Oyessifoo plea kin' sir, she say,
Oh! I illmarry loo—o—o!
Oh! I illmarry loo.

"Aha!" cried the Mudaliyar, wagging his head. He was delighted.

By this time the bullocks had taken them well out into the country, jogging steadily along a level road between two lakes. The sunset sky was reflected in the waters. Batesia twisted her neck to watch the solemn flight of birds high, high up in the air. "Were they going to heaven?" she asked. Her father thought not.

But her eyes were soon obliged to

come down to the earth, for yelping pariah dogs and shouting merry children hurried out to receive the Mudaliyar as he passed through the village.

Raman, the tenant, was sitting on his heels in front of his mud-walled house waiting for news.

Soomasoondrum descended from the coach in a heavy pompous way. All the villagers were impressed by his dignity and by his beautiful Nellore bullocks.

It was a long time before the important talk was finished, and when at last the Mudaliyar came back, still having "last words," the daylight had gone and the moon had risen.

Batesia was asleep, stretched out upon the cushions, with the moonlight bright on her face. Her father climbed up into the coach (noiselessly, as fat men can), and took her in his arms. She awoke in a moment, and her nimble wits knew where she was, although her eyes were full of sleep.

"What wonder is this?" she asked, "the sun was in the sky just now, and lo! I open my eyes and the white moon is here. Who gave order to change this way so quick?"

"It is the way of life," Soomasoondrum replied, "first one thing, then another, now food, then famine. Soon these waters will be drawn away, and maybe no rain will bless the land."

His thoughts reverted to the last season, when the crops had failed.

Batesia went on with the idea—

"Now the moon has no clouds, soon little clouds coming from one corner," her eyes strayed over the pale moonlit sky, and then down to a dark building which rose against it.

"What is that black hill?" she asked.

"Huh! little sleepy one, that is no hill. Yonder is the Tunkum, the place of pure gold! Though where the gold is only the wicked Rajah knows, and he is gone. He was a proud Rajah! When, because of his bad ways, the

English Government scolding—E-E-E? He put his big diamonds in his mouth. G-m-n-m! they went down his throat, and he died in the dark place beneath."

Batesia clutched at her father. He smiled at her fright, and went on:

"Often in days gone by have I crept up the long steps fearing the bulldog lying hidden at the top; many times have I fled before that Shaitan. But Essmith Doré was a good gentleman; a great Shikar! He would talk about many things to me sitting on my chair thinking of the dark place beneath. There was the treasure wasting! That was a sad thought. But devils slept there also, therefore no one had courage. Snakes there were. One night two punkah-wallahs going up the high stairs saw a cobra slipping, slipping on in front. Then came Essmith Doré, with his gun, and shot up the narrow stair and the big snake leaped and fell. The sound went round—Poum! Poum! and every stone did speak."

"I fear! I fear!" cried Batesia, nestling up to her father.

"Poh, what harm to thee? But the Rajah down below was angry, and he woke up and his spirit walked."

Then she cried again: "My father! my father!"

But Soomasoondrum loved the feel of the little clinging creature, and went on.

"Ho! the wicked Rajah walked, and the jewels he had swallowed shone in his bones like big stars! This the Doresanné saw; then did she become very sick, and all the people saying she must die. But Ramswami prayed two nights, and, behold, the lady grew well!"

The Doresanné's recovery gladdened Batesia. "Dost thou know, O my father, why the sick lady grew well? Ramswami only praying to false god. Then the true God listening said, 'Poor man; he knows nothing! he thinks the false god can hear, but his prayer is

good. I will answer? Seest thou, O wise father, this is how it came to pass?"

Soomasoondrum looked with admiration at his little Christian. "Thou wilt grow up even as thy godmother desires," he said fondly; then he added: "and thou art all my heart can wish."

The driver had chosen another way to return; it brought them not far from the gloomy Tunkum, and as they passed they saw a tall man striding up the broad banyan avenue that led to it.

"Hi! hi! stay!" Soomasoondrum called out; and the coach stopped whilst he got out and hurried as fast as his dignity would allow him.

"Daood Khan!" he cried; "Phwee-h! a word with thee. Thou art the very man I want."

Daood Khan turned back at this summons, and the two men began to talk.

Now little Batesia did not like being left alone, for she was afraid of the Rajah's wicked spirit. When a light suddenly shone from the dark building she jumped out of the coach in a panic to run to her father. And as she did so an evil creature sprang from the darkness, and, howling, leaping, and foaming at the mouth, poured out curses upon the child of Soomasoondrum. It was Cheeru, the Malabar witch-woman. Daood Khan was the first to reach her, and with his great hand flung her violently away. He could stay to do no more, for Batesia lay still upon the ground like a little bird shot through the heart. Then Soomasoondrum came, but it was Daood Khan who picked up the sweet thing and hurried to the coach. "Get in," he said to the poor father, who seemed to have lost his senses. However, he stumbled into his place, and for the second time that evening held the child in his arms—her cheek pressed against the withered garland.

"Drive on, drive! ye son of a lame

dog. Beat! spare not!" shouted Daood Khan as the bullocks started. He ran ahead like the wind, and sent the first man he saw for the English doctor. "Allah! Allah!" he cried, as he raced on to bear the news to Rungamma. She was waiting at the door in the wall, and she knew before he told her—for her heart had not warned her in vain.

When the doctor arrived Batesia was still unconscious, but before long she showed signs of recovery. The doctor hastily disappeared. "Don't alarm her now, d'ye see? Let her think it all right, and give her this to drink. I think, Mudaliyar, I'll just take a stroll in your garden."

The air smelt sweet with tuberose and gardenia. Dr. Filiben paced up and down, putting what he had heard together. Presently Soomasoondrum, with his turban all awry, came to him. The child was sleeping.

"You go to your bed," the kind doctor said cheerily, "and very likely I may call early in the morning."

But when he came again, and it was early, Batesia was in a fever. "She does not move," Rungamma said; "she does not move."

The fever was conquered, however, and the delirium that was with it; but the powerlessness remained.

"The result of fever and fright," Dr. Filiben explained; "we shall have to try a battery." And he was disappointed when he found this fail.

"We must cheer her up," he said to the unhappy parents, "raise her spirits and she'll raise herself. D'ye see that now?"

Mr. Howard called one morning. He had tried the case, and had laughed at the woman's threats; and now he was shocked at the tragedy of the thing.

"May I see your little daughter?" he asked Soomasoondrum, as he stood talking to him at the garden door. Soomasoondrum was delighted at the

idea, for Howatt Doré (as the natives called him) besides being courteous and well-spoken had an appearance of dazzling freshness. His close-cropped hair shone like gold, his pink and white complexion defied the Indian sun, the color of his eyes was the clear blue of a baby's, and his red lips, hidden by no moustache, showed milk-white teeth when he smiled! And his clothes seemed to share in the general freshness. Everything about him was smart, and fitted his well set-up figure.

Little Batesia was lying on a bamboo cot, which had been placed for her on the flat roof of the house. She was astonished at the sight of the new visitor. She admired this big white Doré.

The doctor was very pleased at finding the young civilian there, and said so.

"Ye may do a grand thing here," he declared, "and leave me and my battery behind, for I have not a doubt of it that it is a case of nerves. If only she could be stirred to make an effort. The little darling!"

After this Howatt Doré paid almost daily visits to the child with all sorts of odds and ends in his pockets to amuse her. An extraordinary pen-wiper made by his little sister, his diamond fox pin and a note book in which he drew pictures. His friends delared he was scarcely safe in their rooms with his mania for collecting little things.

One afternoon Soomasoondrum carried Batesia down the grass walk to a little Tope further on, where his choice grafted mangoes and Guindy plantains grew. Cinna Swami and the water-carrier were busy close by at the well. The sing-song and the creak andplash seemed to harmonize with the surroundings. But Batesia was silent. It was the first time she had been there since the dolls' Tomasha; she was perhaps thinking of that

happy afternoon. Soomasoondrum assumed an air of unnatural liveliness. Batesia wondered sometimes over her father's noisy, strange manner. Poor man! his heart was breaking, and he played the fool badly.

It was a great relief to him when he saw Howatt Doré coming towards them. His terrier, "Bop," followed at his heels.

"How do you do, Mudaliyar," he said, "I have brought my dog Bop to show to little Barley Sugar. What a ripping place to bring her to! Don't you like being here, little one? Shall I stay and read my Tapal before I go on for tennis?"

Batesia looked at him smiling; she liked being called Barley Sugar.

Howatt Doré sat down. "Look here, Barley Sugar. I have taught Bop to sit up (sit up, Bop, and look amiable! There!) Well! although you and I are such friends you have not yet sat up once to please me. Try. I'll give you a lesson now!" as he spoke he put out his arm, "Come, catch hold with your little paws and see how high you can sit." Batesia put up her hands obediently, but a look of terror came into her face, and she let them drop. "I can nott! I can nott!" she said hopelessly, "becalausle vle woman curlursing my bones."

"You silly little owl," Howatt Doré protested, in the tenderest way, "it is only that you are such a precious coward—if that vle woman cursed you till she was blue in the face she could not really hurt you. Now try again!"

"I can nott!" wept the little creature.

Howatt Doré lent forward with his hands on his knees. "Well—she has frightened you, that is clear. What shall we do to the wicked old thing?"

Batesia paused a moment, then said softly, "Cinna Swami saying can nott find now. That woman quick turning into esmake—perhaps gone to wicked Rajah House."

"But, Barley Sugar," Howatt Doré remonstrated, "you know that is foolish talk."

The child continued, "Cinna Swami saying when she coming back plenty people cutting plenty stick."

"By Jove! to beat her with?"

"And Cinna Swami getting big hook."

"What? to swing her with?"

"Cinna Swami saying yes. I saying no. For why? I curlischian child. I forgive."

"Quite right, quite right," Howatt Doré approved. "You are a dear good little person. But Daood Khan has got his eye upon the old Horror. He'll bring her to me. You don't mind my taking her in hand, do you?"

Batesia's eyes fell upon his hands as he spoke. "You may. Your hands are white and curlean," she replied, and they certainly were, with pink nails such as no Indian ever had.

"And now that is settled," Howatt Doré said cheerfully, "I am going to look at my letters. Here is a picture paper for you. Just come all the way from England."

Batesia became quite cheerful. She found a picture that she wanted to hear about. Soomasoondrum sitting on the ground explained. It was the Queen visiting the soldiers in Netley Hospital. Howatt Doré left the father and child happy together, and went rather late to his tennis. On his way home he met the collector, who said:

"I've just sent you some papers, Howard; I hope you will be able to start early to-morrow. You'll see that it is important."

He had to go, of course, and he went to the doctor's bungalow after dinner to tell him. The doctor was furious. "I can't spare you," he said; "you are my assistant partner, and just as you are about to work miracles! I have been to the Mudaliyar's to-night

and found the poor little young child a world better."

Howard was pleased. "We talked about the whole affair and I bullied her. Thought it did her good, poor little kiddle!"

"And so it did," agreed the doctor, "gets it off her nerves. These neurotic cases want a deal of tact, and a bright and beautiful ornament like yourself is the one to use it!"

Howard smoked in silence for a minute, and then asked: "You don't think there is anything radically wrong?"

"Ornoo!" the doctor replied hastily, in a soft deprecating Irish voice, "Ornoo! You'll see how she'll be getting over it with care. It is nothing but hysteria—so I think."

"Hysteria doesn't seem the right word, Filliben, for, don't you know, she has such a lot of self-control and all that sort of thing."

"But that word means much," the doctor explained, "and I declare I shall have a touch of it myself, if you are going against me like this. Faith! I'll write a medical certificate that you are unfit for duty!"

Howard laughed.

"Tell the little thing that I have ordered more pictures for her, and a box of soldiers from Madras!"

Dr. Filliben watched Howard as he left the compound. "And to think I'll have to fill the place of that young Apollo!" he murmured.

He did his best, however, when he paid his next visit. After making professional inquiries, he sat down by a lovely plumbago bush and pulled a "Graphic" out of his bulgy pocket.

At that time every paper was filled with soldier pictures. And the doctor knew all about them! Each man had a thrilling history of his own, and to each was given a well-deserved reward.

The sick soldiers visited by her Maj-

esty recovered at once, and the Queen made gracious speeches to them all.

When the soldiers arrived, spick and span, from Madras, and the Queen in her bath chair was cut out of the picture and stuck upon cardboard with a prop, a great review took place.

The wounded soldiers lay on the ground until spoken to by their sovereign, after which they "got well" and took their places in the ranks. Then Dr. Flibben sang "The Soldiers of the Queen," and finished off with the national air. His voice was a touching tenor, which appealed to ears trained and untrained. Rungamma's soft eyes were fixed upon the child, who seemed strangely excited.

Cinna Swami stole after the doctor as he was leaving and presented him with a large white button-hole.

"Now what are ye giving me this for?" he asked.

But Cinna Swami could only ejaculate "Ah bah!" and try to hide his mouth whilst the doctor worked the big stalks into his coat.

Good ugly little man! his brown holland coat humped up at the neck, and his trousers were all crumpled and baggy; but the beauty of a kind heart showed in his face. On his way home he met two young civilians.

"Hullo, Flibben!" they called out, "have you come from your wedding?"

"Ornoo," he replied, looking down at his white flowers; "not so bad as all that; but I have just been visiting a poor little wee sick child who is paying the costs of her father's law suit."

The next day many inquiries were made of the doctor about the little *wee sick child*. But with his happy, obtuse Irish nature he saw no jokes, good or bad, unless they were explained to him. He could only make them.

But Batesia did not thrive, she lost interest in everything; the soldiers even. Rungamma told the doctor so, in her halting English.

"No very better, eating no, talking no, onalee thinking, thinking plentee too much."

Soomasoondrum at the other end of the garden was weakly crying. The doctor became distracted.

"Now what in the world are ye about?" he said sharply; "do you want to depress the poor baby? And I'm thinking of a plan that will do her a deal more good than that! There is a friend of mine now in Madras. He is a grand doctor, he is! And what with travelling in a train, and looking here and looking there, why, a journey would do a cure in itself!"

The doctor's soft, breathless brogue, and his decorative way of putting things carried comfort to the father, and he agreed to the plan. But, although partly reassured, he could not sleep that night. At last he crept into the child's room. A cocoa-nut oil lamp sufficiently lit up the place for him to see Rungamma lying on the ground by the side of the cot, motionless in her tightly wrapped blanket. Batesia was lying high upon red pillows, and her lovely little face seemed to him too beautiful to be looked at. He squatted down and buried his head in his arms; then a fear came to him, and he listened nervously. Her breathing could be heard, but it was irregular, and a sudden sob made him bold enough to look at her. Although her eyes were shut she was not asleep, and below the long lashes he could see traces of tears.

"Thou art not asleep, little flower of the night," he said tenderly. "Dost thou dream? Tell thy father of what thou art thinking."

Batesia felt for his hand. "I am thinking, my father, of the great Equeen," she murmured.

"Aha!" cried Soomasoondrum, relieved, "and thou hast not forgotten Eprinchie her son?"

"It is of the great Equeen only that I think; and of her soldiers. She has

looked at them and, behold, they are well! O little father! if she could look on me—I too should be well. But now; never—never"; then she sobbed outright.

"Shu! shu!" he said soothingly, "thou shalt be well by the full of the moon, my princess."

Batesia continued, still sobbing: "It was in the light of the moon that the evil woman cursed my bones. Now only the great Equeen can make them well."

Soomasoondrum felt the little form begin to tremble.

"Then shall we go to England," he said decidedly.

"How can we go to England, O my father?"

"This can we do, thou, I and thy mother. I say true word." He spoke with conviction, and with a swift joy in thinking there was something clearly to be done.

Batesia began to coo "My father, my father"; but the overflow of tears could not so quickly be dried—she smiled and shook and sobbed.

Her father hushed her. "Shu shu! Thou must sleep now, and thy father must make ready. Sleep, sleep, my little star, sleep, sleep—sleep whilst thy father maketh plans. First the train, then the big ship. Thou shalt travel as a rich man's daughter."

"O best of fathers, art thou rich?"

"On this journey thy father is rich. Everyone asking, Who is this rich Indian gentleman? His wife hath costly shawls worth thousand rupees. Her jewels are shining; and for the little daughter, ah, bah! nothing is good enough! Then by and by the great Equeen, looking at this family, will smile and—"

Soomasoondrum ceased speaking, for a fluttering breath came from Batesia's lips. The pretty child was asleep.

As the father withdrew, the mother emerged from her blanket and softly

slid into his place. She had heard all. It mattered little to her where they went so long as her child recovered.

After a few hours' sleep Soomasoondrum hurried off to see the doctor. He was having tea in his veranda, looking humbler than ever in the early morning stiffness of freshly washed brown holland.

"So you are taking my little small wee patient away from me, Mudali?" he said, when he heard the decision. "Anyhow, I'm not the one to blame ye—for haven't I told you now it is all a matter of nerves? Well, well, you are a father in a thousand. May your journey be a success, and blessings attend it!"

Soomasoondrum lost no time in making arrangements. He knew very well what to do, for he had often assisted in sending off English families. He put his affairs in order, and telegraphed for a cabin, and he engaged a servant, a Madrasee, who had had much experience in travelling. The coach and bullocks sold for twice as much as he had given for them. He seemed to attract money. Only that morning a post brought a letter from his bankers telling him of a large sum made by one of his recent transactions. He chuckled when he remembered the child's question: "Art thou rich, O best of fathers?"

Howatt Doré had been kept longer out in the district than he had expected. When he arrived at the Rajahram station early one morning (fresh and fair as usual, although he had been travelling all night) he was astonished to see Soomasoondrum on the platform.

"Hullo!" he called out; "what are you doing here, Mudaliyar? And how is little Barley Sugar?"

Soomasoondrum answered puffily, "She is here, your honor," and he pointed to her in the arms of an important looking man. "We are going to England, your honor," he spoke

hurriedly, and climbed up into the carriage.

"To see the great Equeen," little Batesia added, smiling at Howatt Doré over the servant's shoulder as he followed his master.

Rungamma went last.

"The doctor must tell me all about this," Howatt Doré said; and as he spoke he saw him jump into the next compartment.

"Is Rajahram deserted?" Howatt Doré asked, "and are you off to England also, Filiben?"

"Only as far as Madras, worse luck," replied the doctor, looking down at him. His chin was black with court plaster—he had cut himself horribly whilst shaving. Howard could hear no more, he had to stand back, for some natives, bent upon travelling, were hurrying to and fro like frightened fowls.

It was only when on board that the Mudaliyar's active mind took rest—complete, overpowering rest—for he was too ill to think about anything. After a few days of unspeakable wretchedness, however, he became better, and then he was able to go up on deck. Batesia was there, comfortably arranged upon her pretty pillows, Rungamma, in a white saree, sat by her child. Lazarus was a satisfactory servant. Already the little one seemed better, she was no longer listless. A good deal of interest was taken in the Indians by the passengers on board. Mrs. Martin (or Mrs. Martinet, as she was generally called) was the first to speak to them. She very soon knew the Soomasoondrum story, and took a kind, common-sense view of it.

"You only did your duty, Mr. Soomasoondrum, in having that woman brought before the magistrate, but you were wrong in letting the child be out so late. *That was a fault*, punctuality is so particularly desirable for young children. *In bed by eight*. That is the

time, Mrs. Soomasoondrum; and if only you had taught the important lesson of obedience, *ready obedience*, why, you would not have had any trouble like this. Nonsense! You would have said *jump up*, and the child would have jumped up without thinking. *Implicit obedience*. That is what I insist upon, ask the Colonel if I do not."

"Mrs. Martin most certainly does," the Colonel said quickly. He was her great admirer, and a meek little man. He desired nothing better than to be sheltered by his masterly wife and to back her statements.

"As to the woman's curses," Mrs. Martin continued, "they were really nothing to mind. Tramps curse everywhere on the English highroads, and I have heard people who ought to know better say very strange things. You should hear some of our soldiers' wives. Dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" echoed the Colonel.

Mrs. Martin nodded to him. "You need not wait," she said; "I am going to stay with the child." And she produced a pair of scissors and scraps of paper, and cut out tables and chairs and all sorts of odd things.

One morning, when Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck she saw a tall lady coming towards her, holding a child by the hand. Her arm was stretched out at full length, for he was skipping and jumping like a kid at the end of its tether.

Batesia's little heart pattered wildly. This beautiful boy must be Ep-rinchie!

He was dressed in a white sailor suit, and his golden curls fell over the square collar. His cheeks were pink, and his eyes shone. Oh! he was many times more beautiful than her Ep-rinchie left behind in a box. This was the real one.

Whilst she was looking at him, he caught sight of her, and wheeling suddenly right in front of his mother

asked in an audible whisper, who that little girl was?

"I don't know, darling," his mother replied; "but I am afraid she is ill. Shall we go and see?"

He lost no time and went off without waiting, and said: "How do you do? I am sorry you are ill. Where do you come from?"

Batesia panted a little, "From Madras, your honor."

"I come from Egypt," he went on, making conversation, "and I have ridden a camel. Have you ridden a camel?"

"No-a," Batesia answered humbly.

Lazarus interposed: "This little female child, Tamil child, onalee daughter of rich man."

Humphrey did not understand; he continued: "Joseph went to Egypt, so did Moses and me and Mum."

"Moses is dead," Batesia murmured, glad to know something.

"Everyone is dead in the Old Testament," Humphrey said, with an air of superior knowledge. He was indeed a Prince. Then Batesia ventured to say: "Perlease, your honor, is the great Queen you great mother, sitting in black chair in this ship?"

Humphrey was puzzled. Lazarus explained, "This amusing little lady thinking that your honor's parent is the great Queen."

Humphrey showed all his little white teeth laughing.

"Do you really think I am the Prince of Wales? You silly little girl! He is a grown up man eighty! twenty! ten years old! I am six! and my name is Humfy Mawylans."

At this climax Lady Maryland came up.

"She thinks I am the Prince of Wales," cried Humphrey, pulling his mother's gown.

"Never mind," she replied, trying to repress him. Then she spoke to Batesia.

"You dear little thing, I am afraid you are ill. Are you going to England?"

"I want to see the great Queen," Batesia replied, pathetically; her voice trembled, for the excitement had upset her.

"And why do you want to see her?" Lady Maryland asked.

Batesia's face assumed a look of strange fixity, the scene that her baby mind had arranged came clearly before her.

"First the peons and the horses, then the great Queen in big carriage. What for that little child there, great Queen asking. Then I saying—O great Queen! look upon poor little subject, evil woman cursing my bones! great Queen blessing making well. Ever pray."

The wailing child voice brought tears into Lady Maryland's eyes. She knelt down and kissed the little clasped hands. She did not understand what the trouble was, and could only caress her.

Then Soomasondrum came, sleek and shining from the hands of a barber, and explained everything to Lady Maryland, standing a little away from the children.

Humphrey, who had been carefully listening to Batesia, questioned her on the subject.

"Were you praying to false gods?"

"No-a!" she replied, reproachfully, "I do not pray to false gods. I was praying to the great Queen to make little subject well. That is why going to England."

"You should pray to God," Humphrey said solemnly; "He can hear you anywhere, ever so far off, in India even! But of course the Queen can only hear you when you go twice close."

Batesia had her reason for going to England, "God putting great Queen on throne to listen to poor subjects";

and that sounded right enough to Humphrey.

Those were happy days for Batesia with the white sailor boy taking care of her. He had a tender heart, full of chivalry for the helpless little girl. Besides, he found she was an excellent listener, and she never "contadickied" him as his sister at home dared to do. Batesia admired all that he said and did, and when on Sunday he pulled off his hat devoutly and sang hymns, she thought that if he were not the Prince he was at all events very like an angel. She knew, however, that angels never wore trousers. The missionary's wife had plenty of their pictures, and they were dressed quite differently. The weather became very disagreeable, and there was a storm which upset everything—Soomasoondrum most of all—and it grew intensely cold. But one afternoon, when the sea was smoother, Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck to stay for a short time. Humphrey, with very pink cheeks, ran to welcome her. He said:

"What do you fink? Your Howatt Doré is my uncle George! Isn't that fummie? I bemember him twite well. He shot with a gun. I yooked at him. Aren't you glad you are coming to us? I am. You are to stay in the norf lodge, the Taptain says he would like to live there. I wish you could wun about. But never mind! Adie will play with you. She is eight years old and bigger than me! She loves dolls, and perhaps you will have a tea-party."

Only a few hours later the captain went up to Lady Marylands. He looked very grave and said bluntly: "There is bad news. The Queen is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Lady Marylands, "oh! are you quite sure?"

He nodded, and gave her a paper that the pilot had brought, and passed on without speaking.

Soomasoondrum was on deck when

he heard the news—his thoughts flew to his little one. Here was an end to all their hopes. He staggered to a seat breathing heavily.

"The por Rindo's took bad," a sailor told the steward as he hurried by; and the steward, full of sympathy, went to see to him. Everyone knew the reason of the Mudaliyar's journey.

Lady Marylands also thought of Batesia—little Batesia with her one idea. She went down and knocked at the cabin door. Rungamma opened it softly. "The child has fever," she said, "talking, sleeping, talking." Then Lady Marylands drew her away and broke the news.

"Ai! Ai! Ai!" was all Rungamma could say, and Lady Marylands found it very difficult to go on speaking.

"You must not tell the little one yet," she said, "keep her down here, and the children can tell her when we are at Marylands, they will do it best." As she spoke she placed her hand affectionately upon Rungamma's shoulder, and after a little pause said: "There remains our gracious Princess. The new—new Queen."

But when the time came for going on shore Batesia was still feverish, and the doctor advised her staying the night at Southampton. He told the Mudaliyar of a little inn close to the station kept by some people he knew. "You will find them very obliging," he said, and so they were. Batesia was carried to a comfortable bed-room where a good fire was burning in a large old-fashioned grate. The warmth cheered her as she lay in the midst of blankets.

Lazarus went to fetch some coffee, and Rungamma began to unpack her curious bundles.

Presently a rosy-cheeked chamber-maid hurried into the room. "Would you like some hot water?" she asked; "and is there anything I can do for you?" Then she caught sight of Batesia.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, "you are a picture! a regular little heastern princess! You have never been in England before, have you, dearie? And to think of your coming at such a time, with our *good Queen lying dead*."

Rungamma sprang up from her unpacking and signed silence. Her face was wild with emotion. It amazed the chambermaid.

"Heathen nations have odd manners," she thought, and she left the room, feeling hurt. At the door she met Soomasoondrum who had come cautiously upstairs rather breathless. He went in and sat down by the fire.

The Queen was dead.

The little one seemed to be asleep. Rungamma stood by the bedside.

A gilt clock ticked noisily on the chimneypiece, and Soomasoondrum began to doze.

Then all of a sudden Batesia opened her eyes.

"O my father! my mother!" she cried, "the greateat Equeen is calling."

As she spoke the sweet slip of a child jumped up in the bed. Her head was thrown back, her arms were outstretched, and she seemed about to fly. Soomasoondrum was only just in time to catch her.

George Howard had been away from Rajahram upon short leave. He was now finishing it off at Madras, where he had come to meet a cousin who was to arrive that day from England. Whilst he ate his breakfast at the club, he read a letter which he had just received from Dr. Filiben. It was all about the *poor little small wee child*, and had evidently been written in a hurry.

Dear Apollo,—My old friend Goodgame has been staying here, and I have told him abut little Batesia. He says it is without doubt a pure case of hypnotism, the clearest he has ever met with, and he is a big man on the subject.

"Hypnotization by the excitement of the sense of sight" (the old scarecrow's sudden and awful appearance).

"By excitement of the sense of hearing." (Curses seem to have been Cheeru's great speciality, the child dwelt upon the cursing of her bones.) "And also hypnotization by the operator's personality" (which was everything it ought not to be). And the poor little small child had heard such fearful tales of the old woman's ghastly powers, that her tender young mind contributed to the success of the action. The wonder is that the child has not been killed by the strain, but now that the old witch is no more, I hope and trust it will all come right.

In hot, very hot haste, yours,
P. Filiben.

Howard put the letter in his pocket. "Good old Filiben," he thought, "he has a warm heart as well; what he writes is very curious. Poor little Barley Sugar! I hope she is skipping about at Marylands by this time."

Then he drove down to the landing-place, and almost the first person he saw was Soomasoondrum Mudaliyar.

Soomasoondrum, grown old, with stooping shoulders and shuffling step. A woman with a shawl drawn over her face followed him. Lazarus, looking hideous in a black turban, was close by.

Howard went up to them. "What! back again so soon Mudali?" he said; "and how—"

Then he stopped, for he suddenly understood.

Soomasoondrum began to answer, but his voice was high and weak, and no words would come. Lazarus gesticulated from behind.

Little Barley Sugar!

Howard forgot his cousin, and walked with his head bent by the Mudaliyar's side. He asked no questions, but Lazarus came near and explained to him.

"Dying after Queen—first hearing news."

Howard made no answer; then he remembered something, "Cheeru died at that time"—he spoke as if to himself. Soomasoondrum looked at him in a dull, dazed way.

"She was killed by lightning," Howard added.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Soomasoondrum flung up his arms.

"My enemy is dead," he cried in a harsh, exulting voice; "the child hath won her case, the Queen judging."

His eyes flashed. He straightened his back and walked on proudly. Rungamma followed with her face hidden.

Anne.

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA.

The first morning call which I had occasion to pay in Vancouver was a little startling. I found my friend sitting behind a beautifully polished set of steel bars that reached from floor to ceiling. He looked quite happy and contented, and was dictating a letter to a very pretty type-writer. When he saw me he rose, took a key from his pocket, opened his cage, and then locked me securely inside. By-and-by another man entered, carrying a heavy parcel tied round with string and sealed with many seals. This he passed in between the bars, and M. took it, cut the strings carelessly, emptied out a lot of gritty yellow dust on to a pair of scales, weighed it, put it into a tin box, locked it up, wrote out a receipt, and handed that, together with a key, to the man outside, and then returned to his seat. A few minutes later a big spectacled man, in his shirt-sleeves, said he guessed he was ready now, and M. and I followed him into the next cage. Here there were four gas-furnaces, with coils of pipes forking off underneath them. Each furnace had a hollow lid that fastened over it, and they looked like big sewing-machines. When the lid was down it was so cool that you could rest your hand on it quite comfortably; when it was open you had to be careful not to look too close, for fear of getting your eyes scorched. The

big man took a crucible like a large flower-pot, and put in a few spoonfuls of white powder from some bottles that were labelled Borax Glass, and Carb. Potass, Carb. Soda, and Pot. Nitrate. Then he threw in the gold-dust, stirred the contents up, and put them on the furnace. Then he shut down the lid and waited. By-and-by he opened it again, and the mixture was a dull, semi-opaque brown. Next time it was bright red, and next, glowing white. The cook picked up a crowbar made of plumbago and began to stir, peering at his work through his spectacles, and then turning away and blinking. The assistant cook brought up a heavy iron mould, nicely oiled up inside, and put it on the kitchen-table close to the furnace; his boss took a pair of iron pincers, hung them to a hook on the ceiling, gripped hold of the crucible, and swung the hook round till it hung over the mould. Then he pulled on a pair of asbestos gloves that looked as if they were made of very thick, rather dirty cotton, and tilted the pot up, the contents running out in a stream of faint translucent red. This he allowed to stand for a quarter of an hour or so, when the surface had cooled and caked to the shiny black of patent leather, and then he turned the mould over and whacked it with a hammer. When he lifted the mould up there remained on the table a brick

of brassy yellow, crusted over with black varnish, which he dropped hissing into a bath of sulphuric acid. It was a good deal cleaner when he picked it out, but the varnish still remained adhering here and there to the roughened surface, so he put it under a running tap, and chipped off the larger bits of slag with a blunt nail, and brushed the whole thing with a wire brush, till there remained a brick of pure gold. That is, relatively speaking, pure gold, because the exact fineness had still to be determined. For this purpose he took a keen chisel and shaved a thin slice off each of two diagonal corners, and handed them to the assayers in the back office.

Everything there, including the men themselves, was scrupulously clean and tidy. Each assayer takes his little slice of gold, weighing a quarter of an ounce, and rolls it into a thin ribbon, which is cut in pieces. From a box of silver buttons he takes enough chemically pure silver to make $2\frac{1}{4}$ parts of silver to one of gold, and wraps the result up in a sheet of chemically pure lead, and puts it in a "cupel," which looks exactly like a bit of billiard chalk, and is made of bone-ash. The cupel is put in a furnace and heated up to 900° Cent.; this burns off the lead, which is deposited in a green stain on the bone-ash, and leaves a "bead" of gold and silver like a small pill. Then he takes a tiny basket of platinum, divided off into thirty-six little compartments, each of which holds a baby thimble. He drops the pill into a thimble and lifts the basket by a plain wire hook,—just a bit of bent wire which you would not stoop to pick up in the street,—and lowers it into a little metal bath full of nitric acid, half strength. This separates the gold from the silver, and the whole apparatus cost £50 or £60; the hook alone costs £5. The remaining gold is then weighed, and the weight com-

pared with that of the original sample.

Meanwhile the other assayer has been working independently on his sample, and if the two results do not agree to two parts in ten thousand, the whole process has to be gone over again. The scales are made of gold plating and aluminium, with agate bearings, because iron might become magnetic, and they are kept under a glass case. Behind the index was an ivory rule, marked off into twenty divisions, ten on each side of the index. The assayer asked the Boston girl if she could spare him a hair of her head, and she pulled one out and handed it to him. He remarked smilingly that it was much too heavy, and, snipping a tiny piece off one end, so small as to be almost invisible, he dropped it with a pair of fine tweezers into the scale, whereupon the index ran swiftly along the rule and stopped at No. 6. These men can guess the approximate fineness of their samples at a glance with extraordinary accuracy, but they say that the precision and close attention required in the work tells horribly on the nerves.

We saw gold in dust, and gold in nuggets, and gold in cakes like soap, and gold in slabs, and gold in bricks, and gold in ribbons like wood shavings, chemically pure, and worth \$26 to \$27 per ounce intrinsically: the commercial value is, of course, still higher. Then M. unlocked his cage and let us out into the sunlit street.

There were Chinamen trotting about in short black or blue blouses, with wide sleeves that came down far over the tips of their fingers, so that they could muffle each hand into the opposite sleeve. Their trousers were loose, and on their feet they had white canvas sabots, and their pigtails hung down beneath soft black felt hats. Farther east they coil their pigtails up, presumably to escape the attentions of the Canadian small boy. The Indians

dressed more like white men, though their features were decidedly Mongolian, and they showed a preference for straw hats with turned-down brims. We saw wee little China boys in pink silk pyjamas, and Japs in bicycling suits, with knickerbocker breeches, and heather stockings with loud-patterned "turn-downs." On the electric car that took us out to New Westminster was a negro lady in a Panama hat, white "shirtwaist," and blue serge skirt. We ran out of the slums of the town into a cloudy, acrid-smelling fog of forest fire; through a charred wilderness of burnt stumps; and then down a long avenue cut through a green and red undergrowth of fern and tangled coppice. The stations were little huts with seats inside and steps leading up to them, looking like tiny sentry-boxes under the towering firs. We could hear the tinkle of the cow-bells in the clearings, and once a magpie flew close to the car and made me feel homesick.

The run of salmon was pretty nearly over by this time, but it would never do to be at "The Coast" and not to see the canneries. The trouble was that the canneries didn't appear to be particularly anxious to see us, for they were placarded conspicuously, "No admittance without an order from the office," and when I went to the office to ask for an order I could find nobody in. So I returned to the barrier, and approached a long desperado, in shirt-sleeves, and a wide felt hat worn over one ear, and asked him how we could get in to see the show.

"Walk right in," he said, with a look of surprise.

"But the door's locked."

"Then come along with me," and he unlocked a side wicket, and escorted us into a big shed where a jabbering crowd of Chinamen were busy soldering up innumerable tins of salmon in bright-red chunks. He pointed out the

cooking retorts; and the little guillotines where the fish are shoved head foremost through a shutter and swiftly decapitated; and the cleaning tanks; and the punching-machines that cut the salmon up into crimson discs; and the great annexe where "the fish were two and a half feet deep on the floor last Sunday,"—rattling off his explanations at such a pace that we gave up following him in despair. Then he carried us off to the office, and ran us panting up a flight of stairs which had escaped our notice, flung the door open, addressed the boss affectionately by name, waved an introductory hand towards our party, said "My friends,"—he hadn't the remotest notion who we were,—and sank into a chair, still in his shirt-sleeves.

The boss evinced no surprise at our intrusion, but lay back in his seat and talked. He told us that there were five or six varieties of so-called salmon in British Columbia: 1st, The quinnat, chinook, or ty-hee (chief), commonly known as the spring salmon, varying from 10 to 70 or 80 lb. in weight, and plentiful on the coast from November to April. 2nd, The steelhead, less common, but claimed by Prince to be the only true salmon in British Columbia. 3rd, The blue-back or sock-eye, preferred for canning purposes on account of its richer color, although its flavor is not so delicate as that of the preceding two. This fish averages under 11 lb., and runs in immense shoals during the months of July and August. You can see a couple of thousand boats fishing at the mouth of the Fraser at the same time, and they will catch from one hundred to five hundred fish each a-night. The name "sock-eye," by the way, has nothing to do with the eye, but is derived from *sa-kei* (phonetic), meaning "fish" or "salmon" in the Kwantlin dialect of Kawitshin. 4th, The cohoes, or silver salmon, run later than the sock-eyes. They are less

prized for canning on account of their paler color, but authorities claim that, when caught in salt water, they are infinitely superior as a table fish, though not so rich as the ty-hee and steelhead. 5th and 6th, The dog-salmon and humpbacks, which are not commercial varieties, and are never used except by Indians.

The Atlantic salmon have only nine or ten rays in the anal fin, while nearly all the British Columbian varieties have from fourteen to twenty. The ty-hee and the steelhead will take the fly, the others are trolled for in the bays near the cities of the coast. "This fact," says the Year-Book of British Columbia, "gave rise to the fiction that for a time gained credence, that the British Commissioners appointed in connection with the determination of the North-West boundary between Canada and the United States gave up the States of Washington and Oregon as not worth contending for, because the salmon in the Columbia River could not be tempted by the wiles of the sportsman. It was a piece of pleasant and effective sarcasm directed against the supineness of the British authorities in the matter, but nevertheless a fiction." The Texan Ranger claimed that all the Atlantic fish, including anchovies, and even deep-sea and small soles, could be caught here. When the boss doubted the latter statement, he offered to take him down to Point Grey and catch him a basketful any day he liked to name.

There is another variety of the Salmonidae, called the "oolachan" or candle-fish, which runs up the Fraser about the middle of April. It is of delicious flavor, but, according to the Year-Book, too tender for carriage, and has, therefore, only a local market. It is about nine inches in length, and so plentiful as to be scooped up in buckets. The boss informed us proudly that he had on one occasion frozen

some, and sent them to Sir William Van Horne, then President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who had them for breakfast on his private car at St. John's, New Brunswick, and telegraphed to say that they were excellent. This shows that they can be packed so as to travel successfully across the North American continent. The heads and tails, and refuse generally, are put on board a steamer and shipped off to be converted into oil for machinery. The Fraser River salmon are shipped to England over the C. P. R., and also round the Horn by sailing-ships. The Alaska trade, earlier in the season, is almost entirely confined to the United States. The rest of our interview was spent in listening to caustic remarks about the unfairness of allowing the Americans to fish without any restriction as to the length or depth of nets, the use of traps, or the observance of the Sabbath-day.

There was a sun-splutter of gold through the pines as we returned, and the couchant lions that guard the gates of Vancouver Harbor were bathed in a shimmering haze of opaline mist. Inland the smoke of the forest-fires lay heavy on the mountains, and to seaward were innumerable small islands glittering in a ripple of silver. Next morning we steamed out of the harbor, shaving past a grimy old collier which had been bumping round the Horn during a considerable portion of the previous century, and which now lay lovingly alongside the spick-and-span, white-hulled, yellow-funnelled *Empress of China*. Beyond them was a regular fleet of ocean tramps, and black and red lighters; of big Scandinavian sailing-ships, long-prowed canoes from the milky waters of the Squamish River, and little, impudent, white launches, all funnel and whistle, who greeted us with aggressive hoots, just to show what a volume of sound could be produced from a very small hull. Then

we swung round through the Lions' Gate, under the Capilano Mountains; past the dark-green giant firs of Stanley Park, washed in with red and yellow splotches round the feet; and left the myriad islands of Burrard Inlet behind us. On our right was a steep hill, thick-timbered with bare bristling trunks; the water was a hard bright green in the sun, mottled with black patches of cloud shadows; little yellow chalets were perched on grassy points; and, very far ahead, we could discern the faint wavy line of dim blue, where the sky seemed to be melting into the mountains, and the mountains into the sea. There were pale gray cliffs striped with vivid orange lichens, and a whole fleet of little fishing-smacks with deep red sails that slanted into black in the offing. By-and-by, as the breeze freshened and the faint haze cleared away, we could distinguish deep bays and inlets running into the shore; and the snowy coast ranges seemed to detach themselves gradually from their background.

It was some time before I could take my eyes off the scenery to look at the passengers, and then it struck me that I might have been on board an English Channel steamer, if it hadn't been for the Chinamen. The farther you get from the prairie, the more English do the people become; and you begin to realize why the correspondents on the late royal trip felt more at home here than in any part of their journey round the globe. There were a few Americans. One couple in particular, a mother and a daughter of about seventeen, from Central Oregon, had been spending the summer in some faraway nook in Alaska, where the girl had learnt to paddle a dug-out without upsetting it. They appeared to belong to the class of well-to-do farmers, and they travelled every summer alone together to out-of-the-way places, from sheer love of it, and were full of odd

bits of information about the places they had visited. Some of the Chinamen were smiling and good-tempered, but many of them were lean-jawed, with the fleshless faces, sunken eyes, and old-ivory skin of confirmed opium-smokers. Others were fat, pasty, and epicene, with a nameless something about them that recalled certain passages in Juvenal. There were broad-shouldered men who stood firmly on their feet, with their hats a shade on one side, and their hands in their coat-pockets; and the captain of the ship might have stepped out of Frith's picture of the Folkestone boat arriving at Boulogne.

Ahead of the steamer was a wide strip of calm water, that lay like a pale mirror framed in rippling green. The edges were so clearly defined that I suspected the existence of a break-water, à *fleur d'eau*, and it ran out, straight and rectilinear, for miles from the shore. It was the mouth of the Fraser river, which Vancouver missed. There was a big bell-buoy swinging lazily to and fro on our port bow, and long masses of driftwood beneath the white houses of Steveston and the smoke of the canneries. The islands grew higher and steeper farther on, and the water in their shadows was almost black. Suddenly a great white column seemed to leap up against a tawny cliff and then vanish, where a huge black-fish was spouting; and the seals swam lazily within pistol-shot of the steamer. As we neared Victoria I asked a man, whom I took for a travelling Englishman, but who turned out to be a Cabinet Minister in the British Columbia Legislature, to recommend to me a hotel, and he immediately took charge of me, with the hospitality that you meet everywhere at the coast. He pointed out the principal places of interest, telephoned on our arrival to order me a room, and finally drove me to my destination himself, having

stopped on the way to put me up at the club. That is another reason why Englishmen feel at home in Victoria.

The hotel was more than two miles from the city, on the shores of an island-studded bay, with a rocky point running out directly in front of the verandah. I walked out to the end of this next morning. There was a fishing-boat on the dancing, sparkling water close alongside, and everywhere round were islands,—brown islands, and green islands, and red islands, and islands of seaweed, and long folds of gray smoke athwart another inlet farther east, overtopped by the pine-clad dome of yet another island beyond. About the middle of our inlet was a white lighthouse; and opposite us was a rounded gray hill shouldering out of the sea, blotched here and there with pines, and marked with wavy lines that shone like pale silver in the sun. This was the island of San Juan, which was awarded to the United States by the Emperor William of Germany on October 21, 1872. It is never sportsmanlike to question the decision of the umpire; but you realize here that San Juan commands the Canal de Haro at its narrowest point, where it is only five miles across. To sail up the centre of the channel in a big ship entails passing within two miles of the island, and its only value is for strategic purposes. It could be of no possible service to the United States except for offensive use against Great Britain. The reasons for his Majesty's decision were no doubt weighty and conclusive; but the average British Columbian is convinced that he was solely actuated by the knowledge that the United States Government would have kicked harder against an adverse award than would the Imperial authorities at Westminster. The mainland was heavily forested, with chalets, tents, and bungalows tucked away among the trees close at

hand, and far back in American territory were the glistening peaks of the Olympian range. The verandah was fringed with rubber plants and begonias, and even the conductor on the electric car had carnations in his button-hole. The gardens of some of the houses we passed on our way down town were at least equal to anything of their size at home. Everything about you is so suggestive of rustic England that it comes on you like a sudden shock to see a yellow-faced Chinaman shaking a foot-rug out of a bedroom window. By degrees you realize that Victoria is one of the most bewildering spots on the globe. It is a combination of old-fashioned English civilization and of wild, virgin wilderness, for the interior of the island is still practically unexplored. You hear the tinkling of cow-bells, and you look up at the snowy mountains and down at the bay, and begin to wonder whether the Alps have been uprooted and dropped on the sea-shore. When you were on the prairie, "the East" meant Toronto and Montreal. Here it means China and Japan. You leave the club with a man who is as European as if he had just stepped out of Piccadilly, and walk along the wharf past half-a-dozen canoes, with long fish-tail prows, and fibre mattings inside gleaming with salmon-scales. Their crews are the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent; and five minutes later you are under the shadow of a joss-house in Chinatown. You look at the heads of walrus and bighorn and caribou and moose on the walls of the billiard-room, and feel as if you were near the Arctic Regions; and then you look at the flowers and the fruit, and begin to wonder whether you are not in California after all. It takes a man with any imagination at all a long time to get "oriented" in Victoria.

Not only the people in the streets,

but the streets themselves, have an English look about them: you even see private carriages with coachmen and footmen on the box. It is true that in Chinatown the posters on the walls are a vivid orange decorated with strange brush-mark characters. But the houses are not the high, narrow, many-balconied buildings that one associates with a Chinese quarter. You enter a handsome shop that might belong to a tobacconist in the Strand, exchange a few words with the pig-tailed proprietor, and then pass on into the back-kitchen. Here you find some sixteen or eighteen little furnaces, with large flat pans on them, and half-a-dozen cooks making toffee. It doesn't smell like toffee, though it looks like it, but it has a sickly penetrating odor of its own which clings to your nostrils all day. Now and then a man shuffles up and lifts off one of the pans, lets it cool a little, and splits off a top layer of hardened scum, while the smell becomes more oppressive than ever. In a big box nearby are dozens of large cocoanuts, or overgrown potatoes, which, when you examine closer, you discover to be lumps of dried poppy-leaves, adhering so close as to form one homogeneous mass. Outside in the backyard are big caldrons of the mixture cooling off, after the final stewing. Two or three of the cooks are smoking long pipes with very small bowls, and the smokers have a glazy look about the eyes. In the front shop you can see a number of white earthenware jampots on shelves, and the proprietor lifts down one of them and shows you that it is two-thirds full of rich black treacle, and tells you that it is worth seven or eight dollars. There is another big china jar near the door with a dozen pipestems sticking out of the top, looking like so many walking-sticks. At the first shop I entered I asked if these were opium-pipes, and the owner

promptly denied the charge. So I thought there was no harm in looking at them, and picked one out, and found not only that it was an opium-pipe, but also that it had been used quite recently. It was a relief to get back into the open air.

A little lower down the street was an ordinary square building, with a shop on the ground-floor, and a staircase with plain whitewashed walls, leading apparently to business offices above. I climbed up after my guide, who seemed to know most of the population by name, opened a plain deal door, and walked into a room that was ablaze with color—a kaleidoscope of polychromatic screens; of huge fans and flags of silk and peacock feathers; with trophies of halberds, and spears, and battle-axes, and shields, and strange brazen helmets ranged round the walls, big cylindrical umbrellas hanging from the ceiling, and barbaric lanterns alternating with modern arc-lights in every corner. A polished brass railing ran across the floor, and behind it was an altar with a sort of bas-relief of beautifully carved metal work covered by a sheet of plate-glass. On the altar was a sort of curtained alcove, with eight or ten bearded gods sitting inside, and an enormous drum in front of it: it was impiously suggestive of a Punch-and-Judy show. Then there were trays holding glass tumblers full of joss-sticks, some of them still burning; swords, and fans, and long flag-poles, that, instead of flags, were surmounted by huge wooden hands grasping a dagger or a Broddingnagian lead-pencil; kneeling-pads, cheap splittoons, and a big, gray, anvil-shaped ashlar, that looked as if it might have been used for sacrificial purposes. To a foreign devil the general effect was simply bewildering, because the decoration was so crowded that it was impossible to pick out the details.

While we were looking through the joss-house there was a curious sort of sing-song jabbering going on behind a door that faced the one at the head of the staircase. The attendant in charge nodded affirmatively when we asked if we might open it, and we found ourselves in the Chinese school, with a benevolent-looking, spectacled schoolmaster sitting up on a dais, correcting examination-papers with a red paint-brush. The children were perfectly charming, dressed in all sorts of gaudy silks, and beautifully clean;—the small girls with their hair elaborately plaited down their backs, and little gold ear-rings; and the small boys taking advantage of our diverting the master's attention to be guilty of every sort of devilment that the mind of oriental youth can devise. One diminutive damsel stepped on to the platform, handed a number of sheets of thin tissue-paper to her teacher, turned round, folded her tiny hands behind her back, and began to sing her lessons in breathless haste and at interminable length. There was a broad flat strap lying on the desk, and when I picked it up and whacked it on the palm of my hand with an interrogative look at the domine, that long-nailed instructor of youth answered with the nearest approach to a wink that his dignity would permit. There was a black-board, and red and black sheets with Chinese hieroglyphics on the wall; and big Chinese maps; and a Chinese god framed at the end of the room; and those small heathens were just as keen on pulling one another's hair unawares, and tying themselves up in knots under the desks, as if they had been Christians.

In the afternoon we went out to Esquimalt, the naval harbor of the British Pacific coast, and saw the unlucky *Amphion* in dry dock. There was a crowd of bemedalled and beribboned American tourists on board, and a

couple of officers standing near the gangway were invoking blessings on their heads for taking up the time of the crew and interfering with work on the ship. So, in spite of their protestations that they didn't include us in the same category, we slipped away back to town, and played scientific croquet on a close-shaven lawn, that was as true and accurate as a billiard-table. The name "Esquimalt" is pronounced with the accent on the penultimate, and is derived from three Indian words, Is-whoy-malth, meaning a place for gathering "camass," a root for eating.

Before the legislative buildings of British Columbia were erected there was a certain amount of rivalry between Victoria and Vancouver as to which city should be finally chosen for the seat of Government. The Victorians carried the day, and determined that if heavy expenditure would do it they would anchor the legislature there for good and all. So they spent a million dollars, and raised the finest public buildings in the Dominion: a great white palace, surmounted by a statue of Vancouver that glistens like gold in the sun, with broad shaven lawns of bright green in front, and a wilderness of marble columns, and stained glass, and rounded domes inside. One wing is used as a museum, and here you can see stuffed moose, big and ungainly; and fur seals with tiny ears like little shrivelled-up shreds of leather; and mountain sheep standing stiffly on feet that look too small to support the bulk above. One specimen, marked "Ovis Fannini, Oct. 1900, sp. nova," was a grizzly gray from shoulder to croup, and down the legs, the rest being pure white; a kingly looking individual, who contrasted strangely with the rich, red-brown velvet of the "dusky" wolf beneath him. There were carved bowls inlaid with chips of abalone shell, and Alaskan

hats with twelve or thirteen crowns one above the other, like the head-gear of a Jew salesman by George Cruikshank. Near these were Haidah hats of beautifully woven fibre, colored green and blue and red. There were life-sized masks of tinted wood, with moustaches and eyebrows of seal-hair; and jumping-jacks used for ceremonial purposes; metal helmets; and big, oblong, wooden drums that are filled with water to vary the sound, and beaten with policeman's clubs,—all the varied curios of a museum, which are never so interesting as when you are living in close contiguity to the people who produce them.

Victoria claims to be, *per capita*, the wealthiest city on the Pacific coast. In honor of the coronation they determined to provide dinners for all those of the population who were too poor to celebrate the occasion themselves. But the banquet never took place, because the bishop and clergy reported that, after a diligent search, they had been unable to discover any indigent parishioners.

Since the old days, when the Hudson's Bay Company started the Indians chopping down trees, and built a high wooden enclosure of plain white-washed walls, with one bastion enflanking the front and south side of the square, and another defending the back and north side, the town has developed and become a centre for lumberers, gold-miners, fur-traders, and inland and deep-sea fishermen. In 1843 it was known as Fort Camosun or "Rush of Waters," after the tide-rip that races up the Victoria arm. The country round somewhat resembled an English park, with clumps of oak, and rows and glades of spruce and fir; the rich soil being broken up in patches by croppings of rock, and thick with fern and ryegrass. To-day it combines the advantages of an English seaside town with an unexplored hinterland. Many

of the men you meet belong to the army or to the navy, or have been educated at universities and public schools; or else they are in the habit of associating with such men and have assimilated their manners and ideas. The bank clerk, who in most Canadian towns is the curled darling of society, is relegated into comparative obscurity, from which he has to emerge by his own efforts, and not by the mere accident of his official position. It is—*pase* certain newspaper correspondents—quite rare to see the stars and stripes floating side by side with the union-jack on the business buildings in the town; the people have more time for leisure,—perhaps they make it,—and therefore more culture; they do not consider that they "acquire merit" by talking shop out of office hours. It is the fashion in Eastern Canada to talk of British Columbians, especially at the coast, as being "slow," and the climate is certainly not so keen and bracing as that of the prairie. The annual mean temperature at Victoria is 47°.65 as compared to 48° at Birmingham and 33° at Winnipeg. At Spence's Bridge on the Fraser River, 175 miles inland, the mean annual temperature is 48°.31—actually higher than that of Birmingham. Still they managed to build a city like Vancouver in sixteen years, and this performance has yet to be surpassed in the rest of the Dominion.

I was lucky enough to have a friend whose house occupied one of the highest points in Victoria. You walk up a somewhat dusty hill, and enter a stone gateway, with a coat of arms carved, in old-country fashion, in the coping. Parallel to the drive is a long line of standard roses, and behind them an orchard of plums, and pears, and apples, with close-cut grass round the roots of the trees. The house itself stands on the summit of the hill, and all round it are outcroppings of bare rock, bordered with moss and flowers.

Part of the rock has been blasted away, and three Chinamen are busy doubling the size of the croquet-lawn, which lies, a bright green patch, islanded among oaks and fruit-trees. There is a big verandah round the four sides of the building. On the landward side is a green deep-bosomed valley, where a group of eight or nine giant Douglas firs towers high above the oaks. Far away to the south-east you see the peaks of the Olympian range, snow-streaked and gullied, with a long belt of clouds gradually dropping down their flanks, and beneath them the steely-blue waters of the Straits of San Juan melt into Puget Sound. On another side the Cascade Mountains fade away into the distance. Mount Baker hangs, flushed ethereally with faint hues of tourmaline crystals, above tiers of dim blue foothills merging into the purple and green of the spruce-forests. Big four-masted sailing-ships are lying in the flashing waters of the Royal Roads; the islands are flung broadcast, like a largesse of jewels, over the straits and inlets; and close at hand you hear the twittering of birds and the dry, crackling flight of the cicadas.

Inside the house is a big hall, paned with British Columbia cedar, the walls covered with Indian curiosities. There are Chilkat dresses, and painted hats; a "Chilkat blanket," or ceremonial robe woven of the hair of the wild goat, nearly six feet long and fifty-seven inches deep,—including a fringe of two feet,—hangs beside the staircase. The colors are blue, black and yellow; and the design intricate and as conventional as heraldry, its real meaning being lost in the mists of antiquity. There is a cedar-root crown, the headpiece of a Hámitsa; and the rag-doll of a Shaman, or medicine-man. There was another sleeveless coat, designed on one side with the bear totem, and on the other with a double-headed

eagle, evidently copied from the Russian flag! There were jumping-jacks and ghost-figures; fibre neck-rings from the cannibal sect of the Kwakiutls; a beautifully carved face of a Nit-i-nat Indian, with a flattened nose and protruding under lip, the moustache, pointed beard, and eyebrows being made of bearskin fur; the staff of a Chilkoot chief, carved in tiers; a head-dress of five rows of ermine, with ten ermines to the row; horned devilkins with long protruding tongues; aprons with fringes of little deer-hoofs; a shoe-shaped box with a snap-lid, used as a "soul-trap," and held over the mouth of a dying man; and a genuine "copper," the most valued treasure of the chief of the tribe. This is a sheet of native copper, cut in the conventional design of the head of a halibut,—actually resembling a flat, wide violin, with a T-shaped ribbing down the middle of the handle and across the lower half of the face. The value of this T, for some mythical reason, is about three-fifths of that of the entire instrument, though the area it covers is comparatively small. When the chief has given away, or destroyed, all his possessions at a "potlatch," just to show what an important personage he is, he falls back on his "copper," and breaks off a small piece and casts it into the sea. If his rival's heart fails him, then the victor's copper "scores" that of his opponent, in exactly the same way as small boys at school "fight" with horse-chestnuts hung on bits of string. This particular copper had lost about one-fifth of its surface, broken away in similar contests.

At the risk of being accused of Society Journalism, I will add that the library contained several books, bearing on the history of the Province, which are not to be had in the British Museum, and that the dining-room also, walls, floor, and ceiling, was entirely constructed of native woods; but

that I cannot tell you what they gave me to eat, because I was always staring out of window at the view. There

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may be lovelier cities than Victoria in the world, but it has never been my luck to see them.

Chas. Hanbury-Williams.

CHAPTER XL

THE OBERLES.*

BY RENE BAZIN.

As almost nothing ever happens according to our expectations the visit of M. de Kassowitz to Alsheim did not take place at the date which Farnow had announced. Towards the end of June, just at the moment when the high functionary on his return from the season at the baths was preparing to make his demand for the hand of Lucienne, a despatch begged him to delay the visit. M. Philippe Oberlé had become suddenly worse.

The old man, who might have suspected the plot which was preparing in his house, had just learned the truth. His son went up one morning into the sick room. In a roundabout way, with deferential forms which he took for respect and tact, he allowed it to appear that Lucienne was not indifferent to the attentions of a cavalry officer belonging to a great German family: he represented it as an affair of love at first sight, and said that he, Joseph Oberlé, though with some regret, had decided that he had no right to restrain the liberty of his children, and that he hoped his father, in the interest of peace, would resign himself to the inevitable.

"Father," he said in conclusion, "you know that your opposition will be use-

less and only vexatious. You have an opportunity to give Lucienne a great proof of your affection, just as we have done: do not refuse it." The old man asked by signs: "And Monica? Does she consent?" M. Joseph Oberlé was able to answer without lying, that she did, for the poor woman had given way once more before the threat of separation. Then the sick man put an end to his son's long monologue by writing three words which answered him: "I do not."

That very evening fever declared itself, and its persistence and the weakness it produced in the sick man began to disturb the Oberlés. From this moment the one important question, in the house by night and by day, was the health of M. Philippe Oberlé. They questioned Madame Oberlé and Jean, who were the only persons he would receive, "How is he? Is he stronger? Is his mind clear?" Everybody was preoccupied with what was happening "up there", in the room from which, though almost vanished from the world, the old fighter still ruled his divided family. They all talked about their anxieties: it was the correct expression, but beneath it what different projects were hidden, what different thoughts!

Jean himself awaited the result with an impatience not wholly caused by his affection for his grandfather. Since the explanation with Lucienne, and still more since the Brausig's din-

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ner, all intimacy had ceased between the brother and sister. Lucienne was as loving and kind as she could be, but Jean no longer responded to her advances. As soon as he was released from the works, he fled from the house, sometimes to the country, where the first harvest, the hay harvest, attracted all the life of the Alsatian farms. Sometimes he would go to talk with the Ramspachers, neighbors who had become his friends, as they came back to the plains at night fall, drawn there by the hope that he might see the daughter of M. Xavier Bastian passing along the road.

But more often still he went to Heidenbruch. M. Ulrich had heard the confidences of his nephew and had also undertaken a commission for him. Jean said to him, "I have no longer any hope of gaining Odile. My sister's marriage must stand in the way of mine. But since I have told the girl I love her I surely ought to ask for her. I must know what the mere dread of breaks my heart. When M. Bastian learns that Lucienne is betrothed to von Farnow, or is about to be—for as soon as my grandfather is better it will take place—you must go to M. Bastian. You will speak for me, and he will answer, knowing the whole state of the case. You will tell me if he refuses his daughter to the brother-in-law of von Farnow forever, or if he exacts a test of time—I would accept it, however long it was—or if he has the courage, which I doubt, to brave the scandal which my sister's marriage will cause."

And M. Ulrich had given him his promise.

Toward the middle of August the fever which had exhausted M. Philippe Oberlé disappeared, and contrary to the expectation of the physician, his strength returned very rapidly. It was evident that his robust constitution would carry him over the crisis. And

the truce accorded by M. Joseph Oberlé to his father came to an end. Now that he had returned to the sad condition of a sick man whom death had forgotten he must be treated like the rest, without special consideration. No fresh scene took place between the old man and his son. Everything went quietly. The 22nd of August, after dinner [in the drawing room where Victor had just brought the coffee, the manufacturer said to Madame Oberlé:

"My father is now convalescent. There is no reason why M. de Kassowitz should longer defer his visit. I warn you, Monica, that it will take place in a few days. You had better announce it to my father, as you are the only person who goes near him. And it is important that everything shall be managed in an orderly manner without anything looking like a surprise or a deception. Is not this your opinion?"

"You will not put off this visit a little?"

"No."

"Then I will prepare him."

Jean wrote that evening to Heidenbruch to explain his absence.

"Dear uncle. The visit is arranged. My father makes no mystery of it even before the servants. It is evident that he wishes the news of my sister's marriage to be published widely. Therefore if you find anybody at Alshiem saddened or indignant on our account, go. I entreat you, and learn if it is possible for my hope still to live. Tell M. Bastian that it is the grandson of Philippe Oberlé who loves Odile."

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOP GATHERING.

Under Saint Odile, a little below the vineyards, in the deep earth formed by the sand and rotting leaves that fall from the mountain, M. Bastian and other proprietors and farmers of Als-

heim had planted hop gardens. The time had now come when the flower gave off its utmost of fragrant dust, a moment very short and difficult to seize.

The hop planters were seen often in the gardens. Through the villages one might hear the buyers and sellers comparing the relative quality of the hops of Wurtemberg, of the Grand Duchy of Baden, of Bohemia and of Alsace. The newspapers began to publish the highest prices of the most famous growths, Hallertau, Spalt, Wolzunach.

A Jew from Munich had come to M. Bastian on Sunday, the 26th of August, and had said to him: "Wurtemberg is promising: our country of Spalt in Bavaria has hops which sell at one hundred and fifty francs the fifty kilos, because they are rich hops, as full of lupulin as a grape of juice. Here the drought has injured them, but I can offer you one hundred and twenty francs if you will gather immediately. They are ripe."

M. Bastian had agreed and called together his hop gatherers for the 28th of August. This was the day on which Count von Kassowitz was to make his visit to M. Joseph Oberlé. At early morning, through the already heated air, the women made their way towards the heights of Alsheim, where were the hop gardens. A few hundred yards from the edge of the forest the high poles, arranged in order of battle, held up the green creepers. They looked like pointed tents of leaves, or rather like bell-towers, for the millions of little cones made of gray scales, sprinkled with pollen, swayed about from the extreme point to the very ground like bells, whose ringer was the wind. All the inhabitants knew of the event of the day—they were hop gathering at M. Bastian's. The master, risen before the dawn, was already in his hop garden, examining each plant, calculating his profit, pressing and

crushing between his fingers the little cones beloved of the bees. Behind, on the ridges of the stubble, were two narrow carts each drawn by one horse, awaiting their loads, and near them stood Ramspacher with his two sons, Augustin and François, and a farm servant. The women on the straight road which led to the garden came in an irregular procession, three walking Indian file, then five blocking up the road, then one, following the others, the only old one among them all. Each one had put on a working dress of some thin stuff, faded and worn, except, indeed, the daughter of the grocer. She wore a dress that was almost new, blue with little white spots; and one other elegant young person, Juliette, the dark-haired daughter of the sacristan, had a fashionable bodice and an apron with white-and-pink checks. Most of them wore no hats and had nothing to protect their complexions but the shadow of their hair, of every imaginable tint of blond. They went along with a slow, tranquil gait. They were young and fresh. They were laughing. The farmer boys riding on the plough-horses going to the fields, the reapers gathered in a corner of a field with motionless scythes tangled in the soft lucerne, turned their heads and followed with their eyes the crowd of women whose work was not usually in the country, seamstresses, dress-makers, apprentices, all going as to a pleasure party to the hop-gardens of M. Bastian. A rustling sound of voices came to them on the wind which was drying up the dew. The weather was fine. Some old people, gatherers of fallen fruit beneath the apple trees, straightened their backs, blinking their eyes to see climbing the forest path, this band of girls without baskets, such as the gatherers of myrtle or wild raspberries carried.

They passed into the hop-garden with its eight hundred hop plants in

eight rows, and seemed to disappear under gigantic vines. M. Bastian distributed the work, and showed them that they must begin with the part that lay along the road. Then the old farmer, his two sons and the farm servant, each seized a pole heavy with the weight of the harvest, the tendrils, the little bells, the trembling leaves, and, after the kneeling women had cut the stems close to the ground, the poles themselves were drawn out of the ground and bent downward so that they could be stripped of the climbing plants they bore. Stems and leaves and flowers fell together, and were gathered in a heap to be carried off in the carts. The workers did not pause to pick the cones of hop-flowers; they would be taken off at Alsheim in the farm yard, in the afternoon. But already covered with the yellow dust, and fragments of leaves, men and women hastened to strip the fallen poles. The bitter wholesome odor refreshed them, and a confusion of sound came from the band of workers, like that in the time of the early vintages, and streamed out over the immense extent covered with meadows and fields and lucerne patches which was Alsace, fruitful and open to the warm sunshine.

The sunshine, the repose of the night hardly past, the unusual liberty, the coquetry developed by the presence of men, even the desire to please M. Bastian who was known to be good humored and gay, filled the girls and children who were gathering the hops with noisy mirth. Presently one of the farm boys said out loud, while his gang of workers took breath, "Can nobody sing?" and the daughter of the sacristan, Juliette, with her regular features and her beautiful deep eyes shadowed by her well-kept hair, answered:

"I know a fine song!"

As she spoke she glanced at the master who was sitting on the first

heap of straw above the hop-garden, smoking and looking with complacency at his hop-field, and his beloved Alsace from which his thoughts were never long absent.

"If it is fine, sing it," said he. "Is it a song that the gendarmes may hear?"

"Part of it."

"Well, turn towards the forest: the gendarmes don't often come that way, they find nothing to drink there." All the workers laughed silently because they hated the gendarmes, and the pretty Juliette began the song, in Alsatian of course—one of the songs that poets still compose, although they do not care to sign their works and rhyme as it were in secret.

The voice, strong enough, and very pure, began:

"I have cut the hops of Alsace,—they grew on the soil where we work, the green hop is ours,—and ours is the red earth!"

"Bravo," said M. Bastian's farmer gravely. M. Bastian took his pipe out of his mouth to hear better.

"They grew in the valley,—in the valley all the world passed by,—many kinds of men, and of wind, and of anguish.—We have chosen our friends.

"We will drink our own beer to the health of our friends;—we have no words on our lips—but we have words in our hearts—where no one can wipe them out."

Dull heads, heavy heads, old and young, were still for a moment after Juliette had finished. They were waiting for the rest. The girls smiled, because the voice was sweet and so was life. The eyes of M. Bastian and Ramspacher grew bright because of the past, the two sons were silent. Juliette sang no longer, there was no more.

"I think I know the miller who wrote that song," said M. Bastian. "Come my friends, hurry up, there goes the first cart to Alsheim. All this

must be gathered and put to dry before night."

Then all, except tall young François who was to take his military service in November and who was driving the cart, bent again over the hop-vines. But at that moment from the copse which bordered the forest, among the shrubs and wild clematis that formed a silken fringe to the mountain woods, a man's voice took up the song.

"What had happened? Who had heard?" They thought they recognized the voice, which was strong and uneven, worn out, but with a spring of youth in it. There arose whisperings—"It must be he. He is not afraid!" The voice continued in the same rude language:

"The black knot of the girls of Alsace—it has knotted my heart with pain,—it has knotted my heart with joy,—it is a love knot!"

"The black knot of the girls of Alsace—it is a bird with broad wings,—it can fly over the mountains and look beyond them! The black knot of the girls of Alsace—it is a cross of sorrow that we bear,—in memory of those—whose hearts are like ours."

They knew the voice; when it had ceased to sing, the hop-gatherers began to talk about M. Ulrich who, though he was only tolerated in Alsace, had more liberty of speech than even the Alsatian subjects of Germany. The noise of laughter and jest grew louder as the master went away.

M. Bastian climbed to the edge of the forest from whence the voice had come, and plunged among the thick beech trees. Some one had seen him come, and was waiting for him. M. Ulrich Biehler, bareheaded, was sitting on a rock starred with lichen. He was tired with walking in the sun, and he had hoped by singing to make his old friend Xavier Bastian climb up to see him. And here he was!

"I have a seat for you here, hop-

gatherer," he called out from afar, showing a great block of sand-stone fallen from the mountain between two trees, on which he was seated.

M. Ulrich and the Mayor of Alsheim did not see each other often. There was less intimacy between them than community of opinions, hopes and memories. They were friends by sympathy, and old Alsace counted them among her faithful ones. That was enough to make their meeting happy. M. Ulrich had concluded that when M. Bastian had set his people to work he would not be displeased at an interruption. He had sung, in answer to Juliette's song and M. Bastian had come. But the pale, keen face of the hermit of Heldenbruch, as he warmly greeted his friend betrayed an emotion, a disquietude not easy to conceal.

"You sing still," said M. Bastian, "you hunt, you run about the mountain!" And he sat down panting on the stone, his feet in the ferns, and his face turned to the descending slopes with their beeches and underwood.

"It looks like it. I am a walker, a forester, a vagabond, and you, on the contrary, are the least restless of men. I visit, and you cultivate—two forms of faithfulness. But see here, Xavier, I want to speak to you about something I have near at heart."

A quiver passed over the heavy face of M. Bastian, his thick lips trembled, one could see by his entire change of countenance how sensitive the man was. But as he was reticent also, he said nothing. He waited.

"I want to recommend to you a cause which is like my own. The person who asked me to see you is the dearest relation I have. Xavier, I will not beat about the bush,—you have guessed that my nephew loves your daughter Odile?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

Suddenly the two men, who had been looking far away in front of them, turned and looked in each other's eyes, and they were affrighted, one because of the refusal that he read, and the other because of the pain he must give. M. Bastian spoke harshly to conceal the emotion that made his voice tremble: "No, I cannot!"

"I expected you to say that—But if I tell you that they love each other?"

"It may be so—I cannot!"

"You must have some very serious reason then?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

M. Bastian, across the clusters of young saplings, pointed with his finger to the façade of the Oberlé house. "To-day in that house, the Prefect of Strasbourg is coming to make a visit!"

"I had no authority to tell you, I was expected to wait till the event had become public."

"It is public. All the village of Alsheim knows it through the servants. They even say that M. de Kassowitz is coming to ask Lucienne's hand for his nephew Wilhelm von Farnow."

"I know it."

"And you wish—?"

"Yes."

"That I should give my daughter to Jean Oberlé, so that she may have a father-in-law who will be the Government candidate at the next elections, and a brother-in-law who is a Prussian officer!"

M. Ulrich met the indignant glance of M. Bastian, and answered, "Yes. These are great trials for him, but they are not Jean's fault. Where could you find a man worthier of you or your daughter?"

"What has he done to oppose the marriage of his sister? He is here. He approves by his silence. He is weak—"

M. Ulrich stopped him by a gesture. "No! He is strong."

"Not like you, who knew how to shut up your house."

"It belonged to me."

"And I have the right to say, not like me. All these young men accept too many things, my friend. I do not meddle with politics: I hold my tongue. I cultivate the soil of my Alsace. I am already suspected by the peasants, who like me, doubtless, but who are beginning to find me compromising; I am detested by Germans of all kinds and colors. But as God hears me, all that only roots me deeper, and I do not change. I will die with my old hates intact—do you understand? intact!" He had the look of a sharp-shooter who has his enemy before the sight of his gun, and knows his hand will not tremble.

"You do not belong to your generation for nothing, Xavier. But you should not be unjust. This lad whom you refuse does not resemble us, but he has a brave heart."

"How am I to know that?"

"Has he not declared that he will not take a place under the Government?"

"Because country life pleases him better, and so does my daughter."

"No, it is first because he is an Alsatian."

"Not like us, I'll answer for it."

"After the new fashion. They are obliged to live in the midst of Germans, they are educated in the German gymnasiums, and their way of loving France requires more honor and more strength of mind than it did in our day. Remember that it was thirty years ago!"

"Alas!"

"Remember that they saw nothing of that time, that they have only tradition, imagination, race to sustain them, and that the example of forgetfulness is all around them."

"Jean has had plenty such examples."

"And that is why you should do him

justice. Consider that if your daughter marries him they will found here a very rich, strong Alsatian family. The officer will not live in Alsheim, nor even in Alsace for long. He will soon be nothing but a name—”

M. Bastian laid his heavy hand on Ulrich's shoulder and said in a tone that closed the conversation; “Listen, my friend, I have only one word to say, it cannot be. It cannot be, because every one of my generation alive or dead, would reproach me. And then, even if I would give in, there is another will, very near me, stronger than mine, that would never give in, never!”

M. Bastian stole away through the ferns, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, as if he refused to hear another word, and went down to his work-people. As he passed through the rows of fallen hops and reprimanded each of the workers, there was no more laughter, and the girls and the farmer's sons and the farmer himself,

bent over their toil in the scorching heat and continued in silence the work begun so joyously.

M. Ulrich was already climbing to his hermitage, broken-hearted, asking himself what serious effect M. Bastian's refusal would have on Jean's future. Without hope, without faith that M. Bastian's will could be bent, still, plans buzzed about him like the gad-flies that, drunk with sunshine, follow the traveler through the pine woods as he slowly climbs the mountain. The torrents lifted up their voices. There were flights of thrushes, advance-couriers, rushing through the blue air, crossing the ravines, hastening to the vines and the fruits of the plain. But nothing touched him. M. Ulrich was sick at heart. He could think of nothing but his nephew, badly paid for coming back to Alsheim. Between the trees at the turn of the winding road he looked down at the house of the Oberlés.

(To be continued.)

“FAUST” IN MUSIC.

The musical settings of *Faust*, in one form or another, now number, I believe, something like thirty or thirty-five. It is in fact the most popular of all subjects with musicians, far outdistancing in favor the Hamlets and Othellos and Romeo-and-Julietts and all the other favorite lay figures which composers love to deck in their own garments. It cannot be said that they have added very much, on the whole, to our comprehension of the drama; indeed, with two or three exceptions the Faust-symphonies and Faust-operas and Faust-scenes have quite failed to justify their existence. One of the main difficulties in the way of the mu-

sician is the enormous range and wealth of material of the drama itself. The First Part of Goethe's work alone, or the Second Part alone, is quite sufficient to tax the constructive powers of a composer to the uttermost; but to reshape the whole of *Faust* in music is a desperate undertaking. This accounts primarily for the failure of such settings as those of Gounod and Boito. In Gounod's opera, for example, there really is, in the overture and the opening scene, some suggestion of the philosophical problem of Faust's soul; but from the time Margaret and Mephistopheles appear upon the scene the thing becomes for the most part mere

melodrama, and Faust just the ordinary amorist,—*l'homme moyen sensuel*. If most of the elements that make Goethe's drama what it is are to be squeezed out of it in the process of turning it into music, there is really no reason to call the product *Faust*,—just as there was no reason to call a recent play of Sardou's *Robespierre*, it having little connection with the historical Robespierre beyond the cribbing of his name to attach it to an ordinary melodrama. It was only natural that musicians, as a whole, should fasten greedily upon the love-story of Faust and Margaret; but if that is all they can see in Goethe's drama they had much better leave the subject alone.

No setting of the play, in the first place, can be adequate unless it embraces the Second Part as well as the First. Further, due scope must be given for *all* the arterial "motives" of the drama. The composer is thus on the horns of a dilemma. He has to run a line through Faust's soul long enough and sinuous enough to touch all its secret places; but he has also to bear in mind that while art of this kind would be very long, life is extremely short, and mankind can bestow only a portion of its all too brief time upon the problems of Faust's soul. An opera or a symphony that should attempt to cover the same psychological ground as the drama itself would take at least ten or twelve hours in performance. The only rational course for the future composer who may think of setting the Faust subject is to take two or three evenings over it, after the manner of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*; and until this is done we shall have to rest satisfied with the more or less inadequate versions we have at present.

The subject, one would think, should have attracted more of the first-rank men, considering how many of the second and third rank it has tempted to

self-destruction. One wonders, for instance, why a musician like Boito should ever have thought himself capable of grappling with the subject. Here is a man with a semi-musical gift that rarely rises above the mediocre, and generally falls somewhat below it, who not only fancies he can throw new light on Faust's soul through music, but serenely undertakes a reconstruction of the drama as Goethe gave it him. Boito made such a really good libretto for Verdi out of *Othello* that it is rather surprising what an abject mess he has made of *Faust*. The reason probably is that *Othello* is more on the level of the average human consciousness, and does not demand, like *Faust*, the adoption of a somewhat complex world-view. The Italians have never shown much aptitude to assimilate the subtler German music; and they seem to experience a similar difficulty in grasping the true inwardness of German poetry and philosophy. Boito's hash of the great drama is really deplorable. He knows that it is something more than a story of a man, a woman, and a devil. He knows there is a "problem" in the case. But as soon as he begins to set the play to music he seems to forget what the problem is, where it begins and where it ends. The result is that he is not content to write a piece of plain, straightforward music of the ordinary operatic type, but must drag in just enough of Goethe's plan to make the whole thing preposterous. I say nothing of his musical deficiencies—of his passion for the old Italian-opera style of writing, his lame, blind and halting melody, his monotonous simplicity of harmony, his mixture of Wagner and Rossini, his notion that the terrible is most adequately expressed in five-finger exercises, and the horrible by a reproduction of the noises made when the bow is drawn across all four strings of the violin at once. These are mere

details, as is also the fact that he has little power of dramatic characterization, or that his choruses of angels would be more suitable to *contadini*, or that his Mephistopheles is transported bodily and mentally from the buffo stage. What is most awesome in Boito's opera is the pseudo-philosophical scheme of the libretto. He begins with a Prologue in Heaven that is almost entirely superfluous, not one-fifth of it being concerned with Faust. The first half of the first Act might also be dispensed with entirely, for all it has to do with the problem of Faust's soul. The second half of this Act, and the first half of the next, are, in the main, essential portions of the drama. The next scene, however—the Walpurgis Night—means simply nothing whatever. The whole of the third Act is admissible, as it helps to carry on the story; but the fourth Act—the Classical Walpurgis Night—is pure nonsense from the constructive point of view. Whatever meaning there may be in the Helena episode in Goethe's lengthy exposition, there can be no meaning at all in simply pushing her on the operatic stage in order to sing a duet with Faust, the pair having incontinently fallen in love at first sight. Finally, the Epilogue—the Death of Faust—ends the work in an operatic but not a spiritual sense, there being no spiritual connection between the earlier and the later Faust, no reason why he should die just then, no hint of the bearing of his death upon his life.

Yet, bad as it is, Boito's *Mefistofele* is not the worst that might be done with the drama. Boito's musical faculties may be of the kind that move us to more laughter than is good for us; but he certainly had a fair understanding of the inner as well as the outer world of Goethe's poem; and the very extent of his failure serves to show how difficult it is to mould the play to

musical requirements. There is a vast quantity of the poem, of course, that is as alien to the spirit of music as to that of literature. But there is a certain irreducible minimum that *must* be dealt with, if the musical setting is to aim at reproducing the spiritual problem of Goethe with anything like completeness. The Prelude and the Prologue in Heaven may be dispensed with; but almost all the First Part ought to be utilized. Here and there we come across sections that either defy musical treatment or are comparatively unimportant episodes in the poem. But the main psychological moments must all be dealt with; and the omission of any one of these cuts a piece out of the intellectual interest, breaks the subtle line of development, and makes all that comes after it seem insufficiently led up to. The First Part of Goethe's *Faust*, in fact, is in itself a masterpiece of construction, holding the balance most carefully and skilfully between the dramatic action and the reflective play of consciousness. The Faust and Mephistopheles and Margaret, at whom we look back when we have finished this part of the play, are singularly clear-cut and real to us, because we have grown up with them, as it were, have watched them becoming what they are, know precisely their relations to each other and to the world at large. Omit any of the steps by which the characters have been brought to dramatic completeness, and you break the spell that makes them real to us.

There is, then, in the First Part alone, more than enough to constitute the poetical material of at least two operas. Many composers have chosen to end their labors here, with the death of Margaret and the flight of Mephistopheles with Faust; and from the purely operatic point of view there is much to be said for such a course. The First Part does at least run on the

lines that are common to a philosophical drama and an opera; whereas the philosophy of the Second Part deliberately flouts the musical sense at point after point. In the First Part the poetry marches hand-in-hand with the ethical conception; in the Second Part the poetry has often to be dug out of the jungle of prose and metaphysics in which Goethe has hidden it. Nevertheless a fine, continuous line of purpose runs through all the varied incidents of the drama; and this line at least must be followed by the musician, though he may disregard the excursions from its direct course which Goethe so often permits himself. The poet's purpose, of course, was not complete, could not possibly be complete, without the Second Part. Plainly one-half only of the problem had been stated in the First Part; and though comparatively few people read the Second Part, and few of those who have read it yearn to go back to it, it is really the rounding-off of the philosophical conception here that gives the First Part its proper meaning. The human striving of the earlier poem demanded the later episodes, both as poetical completion and ethical solution. Without the Second Part, the First is a broken cadence, a discord only half resolved. What is wanted is a musical version that shall really deal with the central spiritual forces of *Faust*, not only as they affect the protagonist up to the death of Margaret, but in the crowded after-years. Life was wider than art to Goethe; and the big unwieldy scheme of the play is mostly due to his attempt to embrace so much of life in it. What we miss in most of the musical settings is precisely this reflection of Goethe's own wide humanism. The theatrical is there in plenty; but there is little that brings home to us the grave philosophy of the drama, little that speaks of the great human figure of the Second Part, beating his way painfully

through darkness to the light. Above all, one cannot spare the moral elevation of that final scene, with its supremely pathetic conception of the man's defeat in the very moment of victory, and its mystical suggestion of this external defeat as being in reality an internal triumph. There are one or two scenes in the Second Part which lend themselves to music, but have been curiously neglected—it being strange, for example, that no great musician has set the scene of Faust's discovery of ideal beauty (Act 1, Scene 7). But on the whole the Second Part is uncongenial to music, until we come to the gravely-passionate human element at the end. Goethe's plan is somewhat unpropitious even to poetry, as Schiller pointed out to him. "A source of anxiety to me," he wrote in 1797, "is that *Faust*, according to your design, seems to require such a great amount of material, if the idea is finally to appear complete; and I find no poetical hoop which can encircle such a cumulative mass. . . . For example, *Faust* must necessarily, to my thinking, be conducted into the active life of the world, and whatever part of it you may choose out of the great whole, the very nature of it seems to require too much particularity and diffuseness." If the "poetical hoop" was so hard to find, a musical hoop to contain such wildly-mixed material is quite undiscoverable. All the musician can do is to make sure of the final scenes (from Act 7, Scene 4 onwards); though even then one feels the need of some connecting links between the Faust whose life is drawing so near to the end, and the Faust whom we saw being torn away by Mephistopheles from Margaret and the prison. As one looks at the poem itself, one admits despairingly that it would be impossible to build the first four Acts into any operatic structure. But one broad purpose of spiritual development runs through this

apparent desert of aridity; and surely this might be treated by the musician, if not in operatic, at least in symphonic form. That is, between the stage of Faust's life that ends with the death of Margaret, and the stage where his own death puts the seal on the drama, we might have a couple of symphonic interludes that would make the transition less abrupt for us. The comparative vagueness of the music in this form would match the increased indefiniteness of the poetical handling; while the more positive operatic form could be resumed in the Fifth Act, where the closeness of the association with actual life demands the extensive use of words.

Only in some such manner as this can we hope to get the real *Faust* translated into music. As it is, the composers who have grasped the philosophy of the work have been restricted to a canvas far too small for the whole subject, while those who have not laid stress on the philosophy have simply not dealt with the *Faust* drama at all. It is to this class that Gounod's opera belongs. Some of the music in it is exceedingly beautiful—but what has it to do with *Faust*? Perhaps the best episodes in it are the various love-scenes; but these pertain as much to Edwin and Angelina as to Faust and Margaret. Faust does indeed make one or two gallant efforts to prove that he really is a German philosopher at heart, but they are distinctly unsuccessful. He remains all through the opera simply the man in love with the maid. Mephistopheles, again—though there is the genuine sardonic quality in his serenade—is not so much the spirit of denial as the spirit of the pantomime rally. Margaret alone suggests the drama of Goethe; but that is because she is one of the easiest of characters to represent in music. In almost all the settings of *Faust*, indeed, the portrait of Margaret

carries a kind of conviction even when the other two characters have nothing more in common with Faust and Mephistopheles than the names. He must be a very inferior musician who could fail here. The essence of Margaret's character is simplicity, innocence, the absence of all complicating elements; and accordingly we find that, though no two settings of her to music are the same in actual utterance, they are all very much the same in psychological essence. Schumann's Margaret is very German, Liszt's more human than German, Berlioz's curiously *moyenage*, Gounod's decidedly modern and town-bred, but all have the same fundamental qualities; none does violence to our conception of the real Margaret. We want our *Faust*, however, to be something more than the seducer of Margaret; we want to see some traces in him of the weariness of life, the disgust with knowledge, that distinguish him at the beginning of the drama; we want to see him growing at once stronger and weaker as he develops, his character being purged of its dross, his soul's insight into the world of real things becoming prophetically clear just as he is bidden to leave it. Unless some elements at least of this picture are given us, the composer has no right to attach to his painting the title of *Faust*.

On the other hand, the men like Wagner and Rubinstein, who have really had a fine perception of the deeper qualities of the drama, have been woefully hampered by the limited space in which they have been compelled to work. Wagner, of course, never meant his *Faust* Overture to be a complete treatment of the subject; it was intended merely as one section of a large *Faust* symphony. The general excellence and the one defect of the work inspire us with regret that the scheme as a whole was never carried out. Its one short-coming is that

it deals only with the melancholy, brooding, world-weary Faust of the opening of Goethe's poem, the egoistic Faust on whom the larger world-issues have not yet dawned. We should like to have had Wagner's treatment of the final and complete Faust, taken out of himself, touched with sublimer sorrows and compassions, pouring out his soul upon the greater interests of humanity. As it is, however, we have in the *Faust Overture* the veritable Faust of the opening of Goethe's poem. There is no mere sentimental rhapsodizing here, in the manner of Gounod; nor, on the other hand, is music tortured to express philosophical conceptions that are beyond its sphere. Everything is in the right tint and scale; the psychology is always subtle, the handling always convincingly intellectual. No attempt is made at the portraiture of Margaret—the beautiful theme in the middle section simply representing the "ever-womanly" floating before Faust's eye in vague suggestion—nor is there any Mephistopheles in the work. But in regard to the special task Wagner seems to have set himself, the translation into music of the first scene of Goethe's First Part, nothing more perfect could well be imagined.

Rubinstein's orchestral poem *Faust*—which the composer styles simply "*Ein musikalisches Characterbild*"—is not altogether easy to understand, in its literary intentions, in the absence of a guide. It is in one movement only, and contains apparently no allusion to Mephistopheles, nor, as far as can be gathered beyond doubt from the music itself, to Margaret—for the suave melodies that are interposed as a contrast to the more passionate and more reflective utterances of Faust are not distinctively feminine in nature. They may have nothing at all to do with Margaret, or they may represent Faust's attempt to resolve his philosophic doubts by a contemplation of

the simpler and more constant elements of human nature—just as Wagner, in his *Faust Overture*, does not so much limn an actual Margaret as suggest the consolation which the thought of feminine love can bring to the soul of Faust. Rubinstein's work, though not quite on the same plane as Wagner's, is yet exceedingly human. What it lacks is sufficient definiteness to make us refer it to Faust and to Faust only. It is clearly a strenuous picture of a lofty and noble soul, striving in its own way to read "the riddle of the painful earth," and mournfully acknowledging, at the last, that its only portion is defeat and disillusion. But this is a psychological frame that might be made to fit a score of pictures; and one misses, in Rubinstein's piece, the conclusive sense of congruence with Faust as we know him in Goethe's poem. There is nothing in it to clash with the poet's conception; the emotional atmosphere is the same in both; but in spite of the title the musician has put upon his work, it is less a study of individual character than a description of a type. Rubinstein's Faust is the least definite and the most symbolical of them all.

Indeed, both Rubinstein's tone-poem and every other purely orchestral setting of the subject pale before the magnificence of Liszt's *Faust Symphony*. Liszt writes three movements—entitled respectively, *Faust*, *Margaret*, *Mephistopheles*—and then sums up the whole work in a choral setting of Goethe's final lines, "*Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleicheniss*," etc. Here the larger scale on which the picture is painted permits Liszt both a breadth and a delicacy of psychology which are impossible in the one-movement overtures. In the long first movement (taking twenty-five minutes in performance), we really do feel that Faust is being analyzed with something of the same care and the same insight as

in Goethe's poem. The handling is a trifle loose here and there, owing to Liszt repeating his material from time to time in obedience to literary rather than to musical necessities; but apart from this the *Faust* movement is one of the most convincing pieces of portraiture in music, and certainly the only *Faust* study that is at all complete. In the *Margaret* movement he incorporates very suggestively a reference here and there to the phrases of the *Faust*. This section is surpassingly beautiful throughout; in face of this divine piece of music alone the present neglect of Liszt's work in England is something inexplicable. The *Mephistopheles* section is particularly ingenious. It consists, for the most part, of a kind of burlesque upon the subjects of the *Faust*, which are here passed, as it were, through a continuous fire of irony and ridicule. This is a far more effective way of depicting "the spirit of denial" than making him mouth a farrago of pantomime bombast, in the manner of Boito. The being who exists, for the purpose of the drama, only in antagonism to Faust, whose main activity consists only in endeavoring to frustrate every good impulse of Faust's soul, is really best dealt with, in music, not as a positive individuality, but as the embodiment of negation, a malicious parody of all that has gone to the making of *Faust*. The *Mephistopheles* is not only a piece of diabolically clever music, but the best picture we have of a character that in the hands of the average musician becomes either stupid, or vulgar, or both. As we listen to Liszt's music, we feel that we really have a fresh intellectual light thrown for us on Goethe's drama.

The *Mephistopheles* of Berlioz's *Faust* is interesting in another way. Berlioz, of course, played fast and loose in the most serene way with the drama as a whole, accepting, rejecting, or altering

it just as it suited his musical scheme. He blandly avows, for example, that he takes Faust, in one scene, into Hungary, simply because he wants to insert in the score his arrangement of a celebrated Hungarian march! Moral criticism would be wasted on one so naked and unashamed as this—though perhaps after all it is only pedantry that would regard Berlioz's alterations of Goethe's drama as serious perversions of the main *Faust* legend. So long as the central problems of the character are seen and stated, it matters very little through what incidents the composer chooses to reveal them to us. And Berlioz really has a very strong grip upon the inner meaning of the legend. His success, indeed, is somewhat surprising when we consider how he approached the work. He had been greatly impressed, in his youth, by Gérard de Nerval's translation of Goethe's poem; but instead of attempting a continuous setting of the work at this time (1829), he aimed only at setting eight disconnected scenes. These were (1) "The Easter Scene;" (2) "The Peasant's Dance;" (3) "The Chorus of Sylphs;" (4) "The Song of the Rat;" (5) "The Song of the Flea;" (6) "The Ballad of the King of Thule;" (7) "Margaret's Romance and the Soldiers' Chorus;" (8) "Mephistopheles' Serenade." *Faust*, therefore, had practically no part in this selection; and it was not till seventeen years later that Berlioz brought out his complete "dramatic legend." It looks as if his early interest in the work was more pictorial than philosophical, for the two songs of Margaret alone suggest the deeper currents of the drama. *Mephistopheles*, however, seems to have captivated his imagination from the first, and, in the ironic serenade to Margaret the character, as he conceived it, is already fully sketched. Berlioz's devil is, perhaps, the only operatic *Mephistopheles* that is drawn with anything like conviction.

He never, even for a moment, suggests the inanely grotesque figure of the pantomimes. Of malicious, saturnine devilry there is plenty in him; no one, except Liszt, could compete with Berlioz on this ground. But there is more than this in the character. In such scenes as that on the banks of the Elbe, where he lulls Faust to sleep, there is a real suggestion of power, of dominion over ordinary things, that takes Mephistopheles out of the category of the merely theatrical and puts him in that of the philosophical.

Nor, in sheer character-drawing, can any other operatic *Faust* and Margaret compare with the figures of Berlioz; and when we consider the piecemeal manner in which the work was built up, it is astonishing how just, how sure, how incisive, this portraiture is. Berlioz's *Faust* is, indeed, one of the few operatic works, outside Wagner's, in which music has achieved a real, psychological study of character. Few things have approached so closely the real world of Goethe. Nor can any other Margaret, except Liszt's and perhaps Schumann's, compare with that of Berlioz for pure pathos—the simple elements that wring the heart with compassion. Altogether, though the opera of Berlioz deals only with the more primordial passions of the drama, and ends in a manner rather too suggestive of the Christmas card, it is more subtle, more profound, than almost any other work of the same order.

Only one setting surpasses it—that of Schumann; not because it achieves a finer individual portraiture than Berlioz's work, but because, on the whole, it stirs us most deeply in precisely the way we are stirred by Goethe's poem. Schumann's plan is peculiar and original. Whereas most other composers who have employed the operatic or cantata form have drawn largely on Goethe's First Part and almost ignored the Second, it is from the Second Part

that two-thirds of Schumann's work are taken. Out of the First Part we have only the garden scene, Margaret before the image of the Mater Dolorosa, and the scene in the cathedral. *Faust*, therefore, does not so far appear at all, except in the tiny garden scene; and the sole structural fault of the work is that something of the earlier *Faust* should have been shown to us before he appears, in the next section, as the refined and vigorous humanist of Goethe's Second Part. Setting this defect aside, however, the remainder of the work is the quintessence of Goethe's drama. We have first the return of *Faust* to mental health and energy, and his resolve to devote himself henceforth to the highest activities of human life. Upon this scene there follows the visit of the four gray-haired women—Want, Guilt, Need, and Care—the blinding of *Faust* by the breath of Care, the last outburst of his passionate zeal for life and freedom, and his death. The remainder of the work is devoted to a textual setting, line for line, of the final scene of Goethe's poem—the hermits, the choruses of angels, the three women, the penitent (formerly Margaret), the Mater Gloriola, and the Chorus Mysticus.

Schumann's scheme is thus in the highest degree philosophical. It austere disregards the conventional elements that enter into the usual operatic *Faust*, and concentrates itself on the essential spiritual factors of the poem. The result is a cumulative effect of philosophic mysticism. Mephistopheles appears only for a moment in *Faust*'s death-scene, so that there is no attempt at portraiture here. In the case of Margaret, the characterization is particularly clear and poignant; but the study of *Faust* is peculiar. It impresses us not so much as the study of a character as of a principle; that is, one does not see him personified clearly, like the *Faust* of Berlioz or that of

Liszt, but one thinks of him as the embodiment of a philosophical idea. All through the Second Part, indeed, we feel this constant preoccupation of the musician with the great human elements of the drama; while in the exquisite mysticism of the Third Part, we seem to see these elements glow with a purer and rarer light. Schumann's is the real German *Faust*, the *Faust* of Goethe. Writing in his eighteenth year, the old poet pointed out one of the main reasons for the enduring interest of his work: "The commendation which the work has received, far and near, may perhaps be owing to this quality—that it permanently preserves the period of a development of a human soul, which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy

by all that which it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions: the world, likewise, has to some extent other struggles to undergo: nevertheless, the state of men, in joy and sorrow, remains very much the same; and the latest born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him, in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him." It is this grave note, this width of outlook upon man and the world, that we have in Schumann's work, and in Schumann's alone of all settings of *Faust*. His is really the spirit of the *Faust* conceived by the great poet—a passionate reflection upon life, an uplifted, philosophical sense of tragedy, a mellow sympathy with and pity for the troubled heart of man.

Ernest Newman.

The Contemporary Review.

THE PILOT'S STRIKE.

[Being an awful allegory, based on Lord ROSEBERRY's suggestion that the Peers should adjourn for two or three months from the beginning of July, and keep the Bills sent up by the Lower House waiting till they, the Peers, chose to reassemble.]

It was the screw *John Bullivar*
That thrashed the summer sea;
Her cargo creaked, her timbers leaked,
Her list was one in three:
She had loaded up in the Cecily Isles,
And her Skipper was "Arthur B."

Now "Arthur B." he spake to his crew,
Including Bosun "Joe":—
"There's many an eel has missed his meal
Where we were meant to go;
We were never to touch dry land again,
And here we are, what ho!

"Yonder the haven under the hill
Calls to the homing tar;
A few brief rolls and in she bows
Over the harbor-bar;

The Pilot's Strike.

And then good-bye—till the next turn comes—
To the screw *John Bullivar*

"I see the Pilot trim his sails
To catch the evening light,
Foul luck or fair he'll land us there
Against the wharf to-night—
Us and our freight of precious bills
Lashed to the quayside tight.

"And it's oh! for the tramp by heath and moor,
And the sport by burn and beck,
For the foozled putt and the lie in the rut
And the suit of home-spun check!"
A tear escaped from the Captain's eye,
And trickled down the deck.

The Pilot's boat came heaving-to,
And the sailors "Ahoy!" cried they,
But a voice rang back from the gibing smack,
"No Pilots for you to-day!
Not if you whistled along the coast
For fifty miles each way.

"Last month they found the sun too hot
For fooling about the shore,
So they went on strike, and they'll stay belike
A matter of two months more!"
The Skipper he used a strange sea-oath
He had never employed before.

But "Joe" the Bosun he laughed aloud,
And "Pilots be hanged!" says he;
"Year in, year out, I've knocked about
A bit on the open sea,
And there's never a turn of wind or tide
That comes amiss to me.

"I set no store by the truck we've shipped
In this here freight," says "Joe;"
"I'd leave the lot to lie and rot
Down in the bilge below;
I'd out with the boats and off to land,
And let the old hulk go!"

* * * * *

How Bosun "Joe" he went and struck
A smart Colonial line,
And did a trip in a brand-new ship

They called the *Zollverein*,
And ended his days as Commodore—
Is another's yarn, not mine.

But this was the last of the Pilot race
That ran the harbor-bar,
That went their ways in the dull dog-days
And left *John Bullivar*
To founder at sea with "Arthur B."
Spliced to a sinking spar.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. SHORTHOUSE.

Not long after the publication of "*John Inglesant*" I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Shorthouse, an acquaintance which I may gratefully say ripened into one of those valuable friendships, when a superior in age and intellect and character admits an inferior to an intimacy on apparently equal terms, and thereby exerts a real educative influence.

I was living then with a relative who was a well-known scholar and theologian, and Mr. Shorthouse came to stay with friends in the neighborhood. I was naturally most anxious to see the author of so strange and fascinating a book as "*John Inglesant*," and begged that in some way this might be effected. "Oh! but," said my friend, "Mr. Shorthouse hates being treated like a lion." "That can easily be got over," suggested a quick-witted bystander: "make—" (naming my uncle) "the lion, and invite Mr. Shorthouse to hear him roar."

This was done, and Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse came to lunch, and I was privileged to sit next to my hero. Nothing could have been kinder than his manner; and in the simplest and

most natural way he consented to talk about his book, thereby giving me the greatest pleasure, a pleasure which authors often deny to their friends, from a self-conscious modesty which forbids their recognizing the profound interest we all feel in hearing any great man speak of his own book. I forget whether it was on that or a later occasion that I ventured to ask how long the book had been in Mr. Shorthouse's mind: to which he replied thoughtfully, "I don't think I can remember the time when it was not." To my timid remark that it seemed impossible to believe he had not been in Italy, nor even across the Channel, he replied that as a child he had been familiarized with Italy, because his father had travelled there much, and allowed his children to be with him while he shaved, and would tell them much of his travels and make them realize the very atmosphere of the country.

Before Mr. Shorthouse left he said to me very kindly: "I want to send you something of mine, and I am wondering what to choose. I think it shall be my Preface to George Herbert's '*Poems*,'" adding with his

humorous smile, "It will give you a better idea of my churchmanship." Instinctively I exclaimed, "But I don't need that after reading 'John Inglesant.'" He seized both my hands and shook them warmly, saying: "You could not have said anything to give me greater pleasure. I have been called Romanist, Agnostic, anything you please, but few have deduced English Churchmanship from my book."

On a later occasion, when some discussion was going on about "high church" and "low church," I well remember the simple reverence with which Mr. Shorthouse defined his own position. "I am a strong Sacramentalist," he said. And in truth, brought up among the Society of Friends, it was the Sacramental teaching of the Church on which his spiritual life fastened. Never have I known a more deeply-reverent and unquestioning realization of what sacramental grace is to the spirit of man. It was during a summer spent in the country and under the influence of Mr. Morse, Incumbent of Ladywood, and later vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, that Mr. Shorthouse resolved to seek for baptism. He was baptized in Ladywood Church; and with a simplicity, as convincing as it was impressive, he said: "I have always felt a different man from that day." The intimacy and friendship with Mr. Morse continued till his death; and it was to him that Mr. Shorthouse dedicated his "Sir Percival," his own favorite, among his writings, after "John Inglesant."

The traces of Quaker training noticeable in Mr. Shorthouse were very interesting; some traits seemed indelibly impressed on him while others produced a visible reaction. He possessed to the full that subtle charm of the Friends which is so quickly felt, and so hard to analyze; exquisite refinement of mind, delicate discrimination, a singular sense of moderation,

abhorring all excess, eccentricity, over-emphasis, self-advertisement, as opposed to good taste; all, in a word, that we understand by that long-suffering word *Culture*, was his in fullest measure. On the other hand one felt that a part of his nature had been starved by the strict rule of the Friends in his young days. He had a passionate love for music and intense appreciation of it; but a total absence of technical knowledge made it difficult for him to express in language intelligible to those who had it, the emotions music stirred in him.

In his beautiful sketch, "The Violin Player," a musical atmosphere is most skilfully produced; but the story, as at first written, required several important corrections to make it intelligible to the average musician. Mr. Shorthouse himself often regretted that he had been deprived of all musical training, and sometimes maintained that one of the great books of the future would be a musical romance written by one who combined technical knowledge with artistic and emotional insight, a book "which should resolve the mysteries of life." I remember quoting "Abt Vogler," but the absence of form always stood in the way of Mr. Shorthouse's appreciation of Browning; the description of the lunar rainbow, wonderful to us who love Browning in spite of, and even sometimes because of, his faults, was hopelessly marred to Mr. Shorthouse by the presence of the word "*flushier*," it got in his way, so that he could not see beyond it or through it.

Perhaps Mr. Shorthouse was seen at his best in his own charming home at Edgbaston, surrounded by his beloved books ("fit though few," for he was no mere bibliophil), living with and by those he loved, but for the most part untouched by the masses of ephemeral literature which does so much to sap real literary taste in the present day.

Last time I saw him I reminded Mr. Shorthouse of his telling me some years before that he had read every word of "The Excursion" twelve times; and he replied with a merry smile: "I have read it several times more since."

That was thoroughly characteristic of the man; he used the resources of life with a certain thriftiness, getting far more out of a little than most of us get out of a great deal. He had a fine sense of detail, and derived the keenest enjoyment from the small things of daily life, which less gifted minds pass unnoticed; here he was in sympathy with Wordsworth; walking round his small, but beautifully designed garden was a revelation as to what a loving and reverent observation of Nature could discover; truly, to him "the meanest flower" could bring "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." And so it was all through life; a look, a word, a gesture, a kindly greeting, a sunbeam, a delicate scent, a rich color, a sweet sound, would thrill him with a deep thankful enjoyment which was a continual reproach to the *blasé* modern mind, seeking for excitement and novelty, and pungency of emotion.

He was the most genial of hosts, and as ready to listen as he was to give, out of the stores of his own mind. The terrible stammer, almost a convulsion, which must have tried sorely one so full of thoughts and so ready to give them to others, was, he used to say, a blessing in disguise, having led him to use his pen as his great instrument of expression; but there were times when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together; because, if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of

this prevented all nervousness on his part.

On one occasion it was my privilege to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse for a musical festival at Birmingham. Making all allowance for the undisciplined modern appetite of myself and another guest, every arrangement was made for us to attend as many concerts as we would; but our hosts only went to two, and the same two which they always attended, the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." These they knew, these they loved, and of these they enjoyed every note, and were not to be drawn away from their allegiance by the temptation of the first performance in England of "Mors et Vita," or the sight of Dvorak himself conducting his "Spectre's Bride." The older music, less sensuous, less exciting, less emotional, was to Mr. Shorthouse more healthy and more satisfying; and he gently rallied me on my Wagner craze, with allusions to the superiority of Doric music over later and more florid forms. Not the least interesting of my memories of that Birmingham festival is the recollection of the venerable figure of Cardinal Newman being helped to his feet as the vast multitude rose to the first strains of "Worthy is the Lamb."

One delightful relic of the Quaker days was the sense of restfulness and deep peace which pervaded the house. There was never any hurry or flurry there; it is impossible to imagine anything less like the typical life of one of England's greatest commercial cities. I knew that Mr. Shorthouse was "in business," and I fancy must have been fairly successful; but all that was left in town; I never heard one word of commercial life, nor were either things or persons ever appraised in terms of money. There was a strange irony of fate in even knowing that the author of "John Inglesant" was concerned in the manufacture of vitriol.

One admirer exclaimed in a horrified voice: "Vitriol, why he ought to have made nothing but attar of roses!"

Some sides of life made curiously little appeal to that deeply sympathetic nature; "Social Questions," as such, had next to no interest for Mr. Shorthouse. His household relations were patriarchal in their simplicity and kindness; but of relations in theory between capital and labor, employer and employed, he took little heed. The strong tide of municipal life in the city, where it is perhaps most strongly developed, passed him by, and left him quite untouched; contest, self assertion for the sake of principle, political machinery, religious party strife were absolutely abhorrent to him. To many of us, there is true poetry in the stress and storm of city life, with its strenuous efforts, its piteous failures, its few dazzling successes, its jostling of different interests, its factions, its sacrifices; but the flowing tide of civic democracy had no charm for Mr. Shorthouse; I used often to tell him he did not belong to the nineteenth century, and to wonder where he would feel most at home. He laughingly replied, "In the fourteenth," and I answered: "Yes, because we know so little about it you can imagine it according to taste." But in truth he was mediæval in many ways; the picturesqueness, the color, the show and trappings of chivalry, made a strong appeal to his aesthetic fancy. He hated the *vulgarity* of our own age; its pretension and pretentiousness, its self-assertion and want of reticence, its bustle and its fussiness. He disliked even railway travel, and always preferred short journeys which could be made by carriage. Captious critics have noticed how in his books he loves to paint the life of English noblemen and foreign princes. He was absolutely free from any mere vulgar love of rank or position, as such; but he felt the keenest

artistic pleasure in living a splendid, dignified, decorous life; the sight of great historical names and places thrilled his imagination, which loved to dwell on the pageantry and magnificence of the past, forgetting its sordid side.

Apart from his deeply spiritual love for the Church of England, her historical continuity, her dignity, her middle path between the "too much" of Roman ritual, and the "too little" of Protestant bareness, satisfied his sense of fitness and sacred propriety. A Sunday spent in his house was something to remember. There was no overstrained "sabbath" strictness of observance; but a pervading sense of its being "the Lord's Day;" and it ended by the singing of hymns; among Mr. Shorthouse's favorites being Wright's noble hymn, which has probably taught thousands more of "sacramental" doctrine than any catechism: "And now O Father, mindful of the Love."

Mr. Shorthouse's writing was done with the same self-restraint and moderation which characterized his whole life; ordinarily one day a week he stayed at home from business and devoted to writing. His characters, however, assumed a vitality of their own, and to a certain extent exercised a controlling power. I remember his telling me how he was long delayed in "John Inglesant" by his characters having "got into a castle and absolutely refusing to come out." And it is always a proud memory to me that one of his books was finished when on a visit to me. He had not been able to see his way clear to the end; but after spending an hour walking round the garden, ideas occurred to him, and he came in exclaiming: "I've finished it!"

When first Mrs. Shorthouse, with the true insight of affection, persuaded her husband to publish a small edition of

"John Inglesant" for private circulation, he consented after some hesitation, saying: "Very well, but it shall be published in the cheapest possible form." "Oh! no, Henry," replied his wife, "remember 'John Inglesant' was *always well dressed*." And so the book appeared in vellum with gold edges.

Few things were more remarkable in Mr. Shorthouse than his generous, often over-generous, appreciation of the efforts of others. He was the most encouraging and sympathetic of critics, far quicker to discern merit than to find fault. I never knew anyone more beautifully humble, combined with a simple, personal dignity. In truth, his was a rare and delicate spirit; with an almost startling sense of the nearness of the spirit world. He was a mystic of the sanest kind; to him the "real" was spiritual, and the invisible world the ever-present influence in life. No one had more deep and pure enjoyment of this life than he; but it was because to him this life was, in a sacramental sense, the revelation of another and a higher life. For him no hard-and-fast line separated the world of sense from the world of spirit; his own spiritual insight, his perfectly trained spiritual perception, enabled him to catch the undertones of the spirit where natures of coarser fibre heard only the world "full of voices;" his refinement of thought found its natural expression in a style of singular distinction and

Temple Bar.

charm, his religious belief was the product of the Church of England in her noblest aspect, standing for a deep but restrained piety, careful for outward observance, but more concerned with the inward spirit it embodied; his own words of George Herbert not aptly express his own service to the time:—

The note he struck has never ceased to vibrate, even in the darkest and foulest times, and if in days of more enthusiasm and spiritual life this note seems too delicate and refined to reach far enough into the din and tumult of common life, if other forms less careful of culture and of taste seem more successful in the battle of the Cross, we may yet well believe that this peculiar mission of the Church is not without its supreme value, nor without the special seal of approbation from on high; for what is perfect in any direction must be the highest, though for a time expediency may make use of other means, and in the long course of years that which is in accordance with the highest instincts of the finest natures will be taken as the type and flower of the whole.

May future generations of English men and women justify this belief in the power of the highest to reach the furthest and penetrate the most deeply; then will the thoughts of "John Inglesant" be a precious national heritage so long as the English-speaking race survives.

Jessie Douglas Montgomery.

NEW RUSKIN.*

One comes to feel more and more that everything which Ruskin wrote had a value beyond the mere personal value. His was a mind so curiously and vividly alive, so delicately sensi-

tive to the concerns both of the flesh and spirit, that he never set pen to paper without hints, shadowings, interpretations of the things which matter. He combined a certain aloofness from ordinary life with an astonishing grip of certain primary elements of ordi-

* Letters to M. G. and H. G. By John Ruskin. (Privately Printed.)

nary life; to him the world was infinitely beautiful and infinitely misunderstood, so that he was at once a prophet of its possibilities and a profound pessimist concerning its modern tendencies. Yet, even in his most perverse moods, he is to be taken seriously, for each mood was a reflex of a multiform personality which always strove after the highest. He was often illogical, not seldom unjust, and sometimes strangely undiscerning; but always he was sincere and always beautifully lucid in expression.

The letters in the volume before us were addressed to two daughters of the late Mr. Gladstone. It seems at first sight curious that a strong friendship should have existed between Ruskin and a man so involved in active politics as Gladstone. At a hundred points they were temperamentally antagonistic; the one was a born optimist, the other, though a prophet of hope, was a kind of servant of despair. Certainly in his later years Ruskin was as one crying to those whom he considered to be children of the prison-house; Gladstone, on the other hand, never lost faith in the people or in himself. The immediate cause of the meeting between the two was an article by Ruskin in the "Nineteenth Century," an article which had deeply moved Gladstone. Ruskin accepted an invitation to Hawarden with unconcealed misgivings; Canon Scott Holland tells us that in order, if necessary, to cover his retreat, he had secured a telegram summoning him home. But the misgivings vanished; Ruskin came to see that although he and Gladstone could never agree, his host was as convinced and sincere as himself. Accordingly Ruskin, with characteristic frankness, recanted all he had thought or said against Gladstone, and though he afterwards, in print, deplored his policy and described him as a "wind-bag," his political at-

titude never affected his admiration for the man.

From this visit to Hawarden sprang the friendships which these letters record, friendships of the kind which Ruskin so loved to cultivate, ranging in their expression from childish gaiety to searching comments upon character and life. The volume is prefaced by an introduction by Mr. George Wyndham, which is followed by some extracts from a diary whose writer is not named.

From this, before proceeding to the letters, we will take a couple of extracts. Ruskin maintained that museums were conducted on entirely wrong lines; he would have eliminated all ugliness and deformity on the ground that true knowledge only came from beauty: "In museums we ought to have specimens—the loveliest, most perfect that are to be found—of Nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't even desire to see a Dodo in its skeleton state; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without?" There we have a true Ruskinian perversity. Again: "The man who has failed in any subject has no right whatsoever to say one word respecting the subject in which he has failed." To which he added pathetically that he spoke as one who had entirely failed.

The letters range between the nine years 1878-1887. Those written to "M. G." soon become intimately affectionate; his love went out to "sibyls and children and vestals" with an almost pathetic strength. There was, indeed, much of the woman in John Ruskin; he learned in the intuitive woman's way, and though he was mentally self-centred he was continually casting about for support. He found in Miss Gladstone's music a source of the solace which so keenly appealed to him —half personal and half spiritual.

After an illness which preceded a second visit to Hawarden he wrote:—

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

A little later, referring to the sudden death of the Duchess of Argyll, he wrote:—

It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess's death, but you know I never know *anything* that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble and not selfish.

In the same letter, concerning the illness of another friend, he said: ". . . I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore."

Of Browning Ruskin had not always a great opinion: "He knows much of music, does he not? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords." Yet he was pleased when Miss Gladstone called him "Aprile." "I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read Paracelsus first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me. I do so like to be called names." We must quote, for its singular aptness, Paracelsus on Aprile:—

How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on
his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin;
And those clear smiling eyes of sad-
dest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the
brow,

And enforced knowledge of the lips,
firm set

In slow despondency's Eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and
learned the cause?

We cannot follow these letters in connected sequence; we must content ourselves with quoting a few passages which serve to illustrate Ruskin's character and general attitude:—

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning to his real life. Nay, perhaps, also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women.

If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three quarters of once in my life).

Those who possess the land must live on it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before that Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is Mine."

This delightful volume will be very welcome to all lovers of Ruskin, and who that has the old desire for beauty and sincerity and a true regard for the noble and lucid English tongue does not love him? Ruskin, indeed, is one of the few writers with whom, on certain points and even important points, we may entirely disagree without losing affection and inspiration. There was about him something of the strayed angel, combined with a sincere and poignant humanity; he sowed lav-

ishly of his best, and reaped affection and, in a sort, despair. But the affection kept him sweet, and the despair was not without possibilities of divine hope.

Only a small edition of the volume
The Academy.

we have been considering was issued, but we understand that a few copies remain. These may be obtained, at a cost of one guinea, from the University Press, Oxford.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "Evenings in Little Russia," Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline publish a group of translations from the Russian of Gogol. The stories selected are "The Fair of Sorotchinetz," "An Evening in May," and "Midsummer Evening." (William S. Lord, Evanston, Illinois.)

Owen Wister's lively story "Philosophy 4" is reissued by the Macmillan Company as the first volume of "Little Novels by Favorite Authors." It is a clever tale of "cramming" at Harvard, the humorous realism of which will be appreciated in the undergraduate world if not elsewhere.

The International Union,—apropos of the Channing centennial and the unveiling of the Channing monument—publishes through Ginn & Co. Channing's "Discourses on War." To make their bearing upon contemporary events more obvious, Mr. Edwin D. Mead has furnished them with an Introduction, in which their teachings are focussed upon the policies of England in South Africa and the United States in the Philippines.

The "Burlington Magazine" prints five hitherto unpublished drawings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti of his wife, and

with them an article by W. M. Rossetti under the title "Dante Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal." Elizabeth Siddal was the daughter of a Sheffield cutler, and she is described as a truly beautiful girl, tall, with a stately throat and fine carriage, pink and white complexion, massive coppery-golden hair, and "large greenish-blue eyes, large-lidded." She was an assistant in a bonnet-shop when a young painter named Deverell found her and induced her to sit as his model. It was in Deverell's studio that Rossetti first met her. They became engaged in 1851, but it was not until 1860 that they were married. Two years later she died from an overdose of laudanum taken accidentally.

The prefatory note in "The Autobiography of a Thief," by the editor, Hutchins Hapgood, predisposes one to be interested in this story of a bright, energetic boy, brought up on the East Side of New York City, with no openings for honest ambition, and with imagination fired by stories of success in the world of "graft." The narrative follows him from petty stealing to systematic pocket-picking, and then to burglary, which rewards him with plenty of money to spend at Coney Island, and an establishment including "a girl, an opium lay-out and a furnished room"; through

three terms' imprisonment at Sing Sing and Auburn, the last ended at Matteawan and Dannemora; till it leaves him, at thirty-five, apparently tired of his professional career and sincerely anxious for a life "on the level." At points it is exceedingly graphic, but the reader who takes up the book merely for diversion soon wearies of the succession of sordid and depressing scenes, while the philanthropist reading it from a genuine sense of duty is constantly perplexed by uncertainty as to the weight attaching to the various accusations brought against men and methods. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

Professor Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago, whose "*Modern Reader's Bible*" has contributed probably more than any other influence to stimulate and guide the modern study of the Bible as literature, has applied somewhat similar processes of analysis and comparison to the plays of Shakespeare, in a volume entitled "*The Moral System of Shakespeare*" which the Macmillan Company publishes. His aim is to show the fundamental moral ideas which underlie the great dramatist's conception of life, and to indicate how they are worked out in different plays and groups of plays. In one sense, this point of view is not new: for the moral element is one of the most obvious in Shakespeare's plays and has engaged the attention of many critics and commentators. But what is new in Professor Moulton's work is the arrangement and grouping of these moral ideas into a system, and the comparison of play with play, to show how they are wrought out. Precisely as some readers of *The Modern Reader's Bible* felt, now and then, that Professor Moulton's literary structure of

the sacred books was just a little too complete to be consistent with the character of the writings, there will very likely be those who will feel that he imputes to Shakespeare a scheme of morality a shade more comprehensive and symmetrical than was in the dramatist's own mind. But, even with some abatement on this score, Professor Moulton's work will be recognized as fresh, suggestive and stimulating in a high degree.

That Jack Temple who played a minor part so well in "*The Wind of Destiny*" figures as the hero in Arthur Sherburne Hardy's new novel, and "*His Daughter First*" is the sentiment of the charming widow whom he begs to be step-mamma to his Mabel. The characters of the mature and disciplined woman and the capricious girl are in effective contrast as the book opens, but a romance of her own soon becomes as absorbing to the wilful Mabel as it is to the reader, and the threads of the two love-stories are not disentangled till the last chapter. Though a mid-winter house-party in New Hampshire furnishes the background for most of the action, the plot pivots upon a turn in the New York stock market, and a Wall Street operator of uncertain antecedents is a prominent figure. Like so many other clever analysts of character, Mr. Hardy sacrifices strong positive effects to subtleties of detail, and his touch sometimes lacks firmness. But his fiction has always a quality of its own which fascinates a large circle of discriminating readers, and this new volume will be the more cordially received because it follows its predecessors at so long an interval. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TEARS.

These are the blown spindrift that is lashed from the face of the waters
That cover the Soul with Care;
These are the Children of Sorrow, these are the sons and the daughters
Sped forth from thy house, Despair!

Spray that is flung on the desolate cliffs from the deeps of sea-sources
To lie, like a veil, on our biers;
Children that follow the plumes and the step of the stately black horses;
Slow mourners, sure comforters—
Tears!

Will H. Ogilvie.

TO A THRUSH.

Sing on, brave bird! through the soft-dropping rain
That dews the listening air,
Sing ever on, in that triumphant strain,
Bidding the world prepare,
The cold incredulous world, prepare for Spring
When scarce a violet shows its earliest blossom, like a frightened thing,
Above the melting snows.
No alien voice art thou, with alien tongue,
But nurtured here amongst the storms and showers
That speak the ocean's powers,
Comrade of all the seasons, free and strong,
Singing to English hearts in English song
The music of this island home of ours.

Not thine the perilous quest, when summer wanes,
Of lands across the sea;
Our little England with her trees and lanes
Is world enough for thee,
Enough the gray sweep of our rolling skies,
The low wind on the wold,

The murmur of the myriad harmonies
That haunt the field and fold.
Others, returning, sing of Southern bays

And far-off landscapes lit with sunnier glow,
Thou art content to know
The old-world beauty of our woodland ways
That tuned the soul of Shakespeare into praise
By Avon's quiet waters long ago.

Sing bravely on! not all the nightingales
That pipe with tremulous throat
Through the long evenings as the twilight fails
Can match thy wild, sweet note,
The rapturous tones of thy prophetic call
That bids the world rejoice
And fills the barren waste of March with all
The magic of a voice.
Prophet of gladness, with the passionate cry!
Kindle our hearts that wither in cold state,
Ere yet it be too late!
Give us thy sense of woods, and fields, and sky!
Oh! teach us in our grandeur, lest we die,
The love of freedom that alone makes great!

G. F. B.

The Speaker.

A SONG.

O'er the round throat her little head
Its gay delight upbuoys:
A harebell in the breeze of June
Hath such melodious poise;
And chiming with her heart, my heart
Is hers and heavenly joy's.

But my heart takes a deeper thrill,
Her cheeks a rarer bloom,
When the sad mood comes rich as glow
Of pansies dipped in gloom.
By some far shore she wanders—where?
And her eyes fill—for whom?

Laurence Binyon.